The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 124. Vol. XXI. JANUARY, 1902. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* January *will be noticed in the* February *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th February *in the* March *number.*

News Notes.

Mr. Benjamin Kidd, the author of "Social Evolution," the work that attracted much attention some years ago, has in the press a new volume, which Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will publish early in the spring.

In presenting to our readers this special "Jane Austen" number, we have to acknowledge with cordial thanks the kind help we have received from Miss Constance Hill, the author of "Jane Austen, Her Homes and Her Friends," a book in which many of the places specially photographed for this number were first identified in connection with Jane Austen's life and work; to Mr. J. F. Meehan, of Bath, to whom we owe the excellent series of old prints of Bath, and whose advice and help have been invaluable; and to Messrs. H. A. Aylward of Basingstoke, W. T. Green of Winchester, A. F. Perren of Bath, F. W. Shephard of Lyme Regis, and G. Frost of Alton, who have taken the greatest pains in securing the special photographs which illustrate this number.

We understand that Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are to be the publishers of Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace's record of the Colonial tour of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. Sir Donald, it will be remembered, acted as his Royal Highness's assistant private secretary during the tour. The work will be profusely illustrated by the Chevalier Martino, who was for many years marine painter to her late Majesty Queen Victoria.

Mr. John Morley has progressed so far with the manuscript of Gladstone's Life that there is little doubt now but that it will be published during the October of the present year.

Mr. E. F. Benson has, like a great many writers, gone to the Old Testament in search of a title for his new novel, to be published shortly by Mr. Heinemann. The novelist originally intended to call his work "The Leper," but he has now decided to call it "Scarlet Hyssop," which is mentioned in Leviticus as a cure for leprosy.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. intend issuing before Easter three new volumes of their English Men of Letters series, viz., "George Eliot," by Leslie Stephen, "Hazlitt," by Augustine Birrell, and "Matthew Arnold." Messrs. Macmillan will also issue at the same time the other thirty-nine volumes of the series that have already appeared, bound uniform with the new works, in scarlet, with flat back and gilt top.

We are likely to have another serious book from Mr. H. G. Wells, dealing with the education question on a broad scientific basis. Although it is some years since Mr. Wells abandoned his educational work, he has followed the subject closely and it has been suggested that a book on the making of men would be a natural sequel to "Anticipations."

Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling and their children sailed for Cape Town in the *Kinfauns Castle* on the 21st ult. While in South Africa they will live a little way out of Cape Town, and are not expected to be back in this country until about April next.

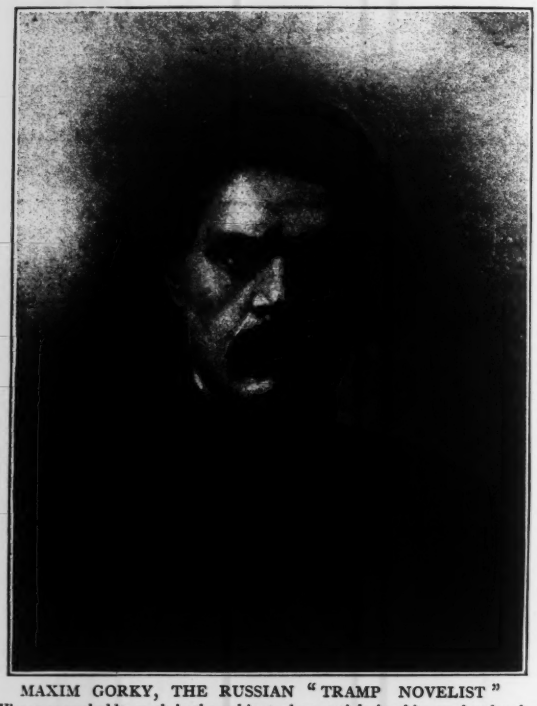
It is expected that the "Autobiography of the late Sir Walter Besant" will be ready for publication some time towards the end of February next. One of Sir Walter's oldest friends, Dr. S. Squire Sprigge, of the *Lancet*, has written a prefatory note to the work, and is, we hear, revising the proofs. Our readers will remember that it was Dr. Sprigge who accompanied Sir Walter on his last tour in America, when he visited the Chicago Exhibition.

There is some talk, we hear, of a dramatised version of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Kim" being put upon the stage.

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton has received Mr. Rudyard Kipling's permission to dramatise "The Story of the Gadsbys," and has now practically completed his play.

Mrs. Cotes ("Sara Jeannette Duncan")expects to leave India and take up her residence in England in April next. Her new novel, "Those Delightful Americans,"now running serially in the *Ladies' Field*, will be published in book form in the spring. Messrs. Methuen and Co. will issue the English edition, and Messrs. D. Appleton and Co., of New York, the American edition.

Mr. George Gissing's new book, "An Author at Grass," will next year be issued serially in one of the monthly reviews. It is in the form of a diary edited by Mr. Gissing, and although not a story in the ordinary sense, it gives the history of a life with graphic



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Whose remarkable work is the subject of an article in this number by the eminent authority, Dr. F. J. Dillon.

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From photo by Boughton & Sons, Lowestoft.

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The drawings of "Mr. Bennet," "Mr. Darcy" and "Elizabeth," printed on the plate portrait presented with this number, are reproduced from Mr. C. E. Brock's delightful illustrations in Messrs. Macmillan's edition of "Pride and Prejudice," by kind permission of the publishers.

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A new life of Cardinal Wolsey is being written by Mr. Forster Bovill, who is associated with Mr. Percy Alden in the conduct of the *Echo*.

Mr. Pett Ridge's new novel, "Lost Property," now appearing in serial form, will be published by Messrs. Methuen in the spring. Mr. Pett Ridge gave some readings in Trinity College, Cambridge, last month.

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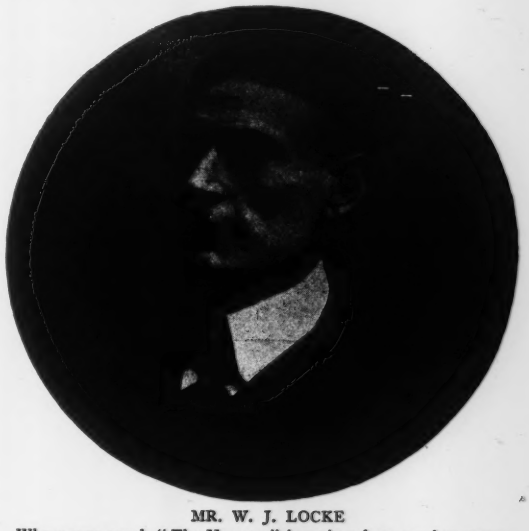

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Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

NOVEMBER 20TH TO DECEMBER 21ST, 1901.

Always by far the busiest month of the year, December, 1901, has been a time of great activity, though it is doubtful if it has approached the successful seasons enjoyed before the war. The public has had a tendency to keep the purse-strings well in hand, and, notwithstanding that many of the wholesale houses were kept working at the utmost pressure to cope with the orders received from town and country, a certain feeling of dissatisfaction has been abroad.

The enormous preponderance in the sales of novels over all other classes of literature has emphasised the hold which fiction has upon the public at the present time. In the 6s. line "Kim" has undoubtedly proved the book of the season; but the sales of several others have followed closely, such as "History of Sir Richard Calmady," "The Velvet Glove," "The Benefactress," "Count Hannibal," "Herb of Grace," and "In Spite of All." In the issues of the past month the most popular has proved to be "The Man from Glengarry," by Ralph Connor.

"The Eternal City" has continued to sell freely, but has not maintained its recent demand.

"The Life of the Master," by Rev. J. Watson ("Ian Maclaren") has found a goodly circle of admirers.

In works of a biographical and historical nature there has been a steady and well-sustained demand. Among the most popular may be mentioned "The Life of R. L. Stevenson," by Mr. Graham Balfour, the sales of which have been materially increased by the recent controversy; Bagot's "Links with the Past," "Life of Lord Russell of Killowen," "Then and Now," by Dean Hole, and "The Mystery of Mary Stuart," by A. Lang.

Conan Doyle's "History of the Great Boer War," "A Yeoman's Letters," and "Behind the Scenes in the Transvaal," appear to have been the most frequently sought after of the various works on the South African Campaign.

"The Children's London," by Charlotte Thorpe, has proved most attractive to the public, and has circulated very freely.

Amongst other children's books which have sold in large quantities, as they always do at this the children's festival, are "The Violet Fairy Book," "Real Queen's Fairy Book," "Nonsense, Nonsense," and "The Golliwog's Auto-Cart." The demand for the larger books with coloured illustrations has not, however, been so extensive as in recent years. Amongst the tale books, "Young Barbarians," by Ian Maclaren, has been much in favour; so also has the "Life of Lord Roberts," by V. Brooke Hunt; and large quantities of the popular books by Henty, Fenn, and others have been disposed of, more especially "With Roberts to Pretoria," by the former author.

Two of the "hardiest" annuals have been Phil May's and Louis Wain's, the orders for the latter having been very large.

The three standard reference books for the year, "Whitaker's Almanack," "Hazell's Annual," and "*The Daily Mail* Year Book," are again with us. The fact of the two former having been issued at a *net* published price appears to have been in no sense detrimental to the sales; indeed, the orders for Whitaker appear to have been more numerous since the change.

Amongst the most favoured of the books for presents are the various editions of Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, and Meredith, on India paper; these, especially in the leather bindings, have been greatly in request. A considerable increase in the sales of the various editions of Dickens' works has been a noticeable feature during the past season.

"Chambers' Twentieth Century Dictionary" and "What's What," by Harry Quilter, have continued their popularity.

There has been a considerable decline in the sales of the old-fashioned Christmas numbers, with their huge coloured supplements; but there has been an enormous number of the Christmas editions of the various magazines, which to a great extent seem to have taken the place of the former publications.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
History of Sir Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Velvet Glove. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
The Benefactress. By the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." 6s. (Macmillan.)
Count Hannibal. By S. J. Weyman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Herb of Grace. By Rosa N. Carey. 6s. (Macmillan.)
In Spite of All. By Edna Lyall. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)
The Man from Glengarry. By Ralph Connor. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Life of the Master. By Rev. J. Watson. 25s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Links with the Past. By Mrs. Bagot. 16s. (E. Arnold.)
Stevenson (R. L.) Life. By Graham Balfour. Two vols., 25s. net. (Methuen.)
The Life of Lord Russell. By R. B. O'Brien. 10s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Then and Now. By Dean Hole. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)
The Mystery of Mary Stuart. By Andrew Lang. 18s. net. (Longmans.)
History of the Great Boer War. By Conan Doyle. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
The Children's London. By Charlotte Thorpe. 10s. 6d. net. (Leadenhall Press.)
The Violet Fairy Book. By A. Lang. 6s. (Longmans.)
Young Barbarians. By Ian Maclaren. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
A Real Queen's Fairy Book. By "Carmen Sylva." 6s. (Newnes.)
The Golliwog's Auto-Cart. 6s. (Longmans.)
Nonsense, Nonsense. By W. Jerrold. 6s. (Blackie.)
Whitaker's, Hazell's Annual, *Daily Mail* Year Book, and other Almanacks and Diaries.
Various Editions on India Paper of Standard Authors.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.
Week ending
Nov. 23—A good week in Home Trade. Quiet in Export.
,, 30—Very brisk in all departments.
Dec. 7—Much activity in Town and Country Trade.
,, 14—A very heavy week.
,, 21—Every department taxed to its utmost.

(2) SCOTLAND.

NOVEMBER 20TH TO DECEMBER 18TH, 1901.

At the beginning of the weeks under review almost all the books intended for the season's trade had been published and on the whole had not met with the hearty reception which many undoubtedly deserved. The prolongation of the South African War, with its consequent increased taxation, told heavily against the book trade and accounted for much of the quietness prevalent on all hands.

Of course there was the usual demand for illustrated gift books, annual volumes, juvenile picture books, but the last named had somewhat limited sales, which were certainly not equal to those of recent years.

Perhaps the most successful of purely Christmas literature were Marie Corelli's "Christmas Greeting" and "Louis Wain's Annual," with its clever humorous illustrations.

As is usual at this season a number of excellent religious works were published and found a ready sale, such as:—"Culture and Restraint," by the Rev. Hugh Black; "Ministry of Comfort," by Dr. J. R. Miller; "Light from the Holy Hills," by Rev. K. Moody-Stuart; "The Sceptre without a Sword," by Dr. Matheson; "The Life of the Master," by Dr. Watson; and a new edition of the now well-known favourite of the young, Cassell's "Child's Bible."

Many of the volumes issued for juvenile gift books bore military titles, notably those written by G. A. Henty and G. Manville Fenn, but the war book of the month was undoubtedly that by "Linesman" entitled "Words by an Eye-Witness," and for which there was increasing demand as it gained public notice. The new edition of Dr. Doyle's "History of the Boer War" was much in request.

In the Famous Scots Series Dr. Simpson's sympathetic "Life of Henry Drummond" claimed attention, and Dr. Whyte's appreciation of "Newman" became popular.

Quite a large number of six-shilling volumes met with success, the principal of these being Ian Maclaren's "Young Barbarians," Douglas' "House with the Green Shutters," Kipling's "Kim," Connor's "Man from Glengarry," Weyman's "Count Hannibal," and Merriman's "Velvet Glove."

Mr. Grant Richards' series of "The World's Classics" maintained its popularity, and in thin paper editions Messrs. Nelson, Constable, Newnes, and Dent issued standard works which met with ready appreciation.

The following is our usual list of best selling books:—

Six-shilling Novels.

Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.)
Young Barbarians. By Ian Maclaren. (Hodder.)
House with the Green Shutters. By George Douglas. (Macqueen.)
Count Hannibal. By S. Weyman. (Smith, Elder.)
Man from Glengarry. By Ralph Connor. (Hodder.)
Velvet Glove. By H. S. Merriman. (Smith, Elder.)
Sir Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. (Methuen.)
Right of Way. By Gilbert Parker. (Heinemann.)
Redemption of Neil Maclean. By David Lyall. (Hodder.)
Shoes of Fortune. By Neil Munro. (Isbister.)

Miscellaneous.

A Christmas Greeting. By Marie Corelli. 1s. (Methuen.)
Light Freights. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)
History of the Boer War. By Dr. Doyle. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Culture and Restraint. By Rev. Hugh Black. 6s. (Hodder.)
Letters on Life. By Claudius Clear. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Words by an Eye-Witness. By Linesman. 6s. (Blackwood.)
Henry Drummond. By Dr. Simpson. 1s. 6d. (Oliphant.)
Newman—An Appreciation. By Dr. Whyte. 3s. 6d. (Oliphant.)
O'er Moor and Fen. By Joseph Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Ministry of Comfort. By Dr. Miller. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Light from the Holy Hills. By Rev. Moody-Stuart. 2s. 6d. (Morgan and Scott.)
The Sceptre Without a Sword. By Dr. G. Matheson. 1s. (Clarke.)
The World's Classics. 1s. and 2s. net. (G. Richards.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

JANUARY.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

January 5th.

HEADLAM, CECIL.—Peter Vischer, 5/- ..... *G. Bell & Sons*
ROSE, J. H.—Life of Napoleon. 2 Vols. 18/- net *G. Bell & Sons*

January 6th.

MANN, MARY E.—The Mating of a Dove, 6/- ... *T. Fisher Unwin*
LITTLE, MRS. ARCHIBALD.—In the Land of the Blue Gown, 21/- net ..... *T. Fisher Unwin*

January 7th.

WILLIAMS, FRANCIS H., M.D.—The Röntgen Rays in Medicine and Surgery ..... *Macmillan*
HOBHOUSE, L. T.—Mind in Evolution ..... *Macmillan*
HART, ALBERT BUSHNELL.—The Foundations of American Foreign Policy ..... *Macmillan*

January 9th.

CROMMELIN, MAY.—A Daughter of England, 6/- ... *John Long*

January 10th.

FISKE, JOHN.—Life Everlasting ..... *Macmillan*

January 13th.

ROBINSON, MARY.—Collected Poems, 7/6 ... *T. Fisher Unwin*
DAVIDSON, LILLIAS CAMPBELL.—The Confessions of a Match-Making Mother, 1/- and 2/- ..... *T. Fisher Unwin*

January 15th.

CARREL, FREDERIC.—Houses of Ignorance, 6/- ... *John Long*
HUTCHINSON, REV. H. A.—The Living Rulers of Mankind, 7d. net ..... *G. Allen*
WARD, JOHN.—Greek Coins and their Parent Cities, 25/- net *John Murray*
DARWIN, CHARLES.—The Origin of Species, 1/- net, 2/- net *Grant Richards*
CARR, ERNEST A.—How to Enter the Civil Service, 2/6 *Grant Richards*
LUSTED, CHARLES.—Verses, 5/- net ..... *Grant Richards*
COBB, THOMAS.—Gwendoline, 6/- ..... *Grant Richards*
KENNEDY, BART.—A Sailor Tramp, 6/- ..... *Grant Richards*
SHAKESPEARE.—Edinburgh Folio Edition. Pt. 7. 5/- net *Grant Richards*

January 20th.

DUNN, ARCHIBALD, JUNR.—New Ideas on Bridge, 1/- *Walter Scott*
HILL, REV. GEOFFREY.—The Aspirate, 6/- *T. Fisher Unwin*

January 21st.

SILBERRAD, UNA L.—Princess Puck, 6/- ..... *Macmillan*

January 22nd.

HENSMAN, HOWARD.—Cecil Rhodes: A Study of a Career, 12/6 net ..... *W. Blackwood & Sons*

January 29th.

KING, HARRIET E. HAMILTON.—The Hours of the Passion, and Other Verses, 5/- net ..... *Grant Richards*
HALL, JOSEPH.—Meditations and Vows, 3/6 net *Grant Richards*
HILLER, H. C.—Heresies. Vol. 4. 7/6 ..... *Grant Richards*
WILKINSON, DYKE.—A Human Document, 6/- *Grant Richards*
The University Song Book. Edited by Rev. Millar Patrick and A. Stodart-Walker. 4/6 net ..... *Grant Richards*
SHAKESPEARE.—Edinburgh Folio Edition. Part 8. 5/- net *Grant Richards*

January 30th.

COBBAN, J. MACLAREN.—The Green Turbans, 6/- ... *John Long*

January 31st.

WITHROW, W. H., M.A., D.D.—Religious Progress of the Century, 5/- net ..... *W. & R. Chambers, Ltd.*
SPENCE, DEAN.—Early Christianity of Paganism, 21/- ... *Cassell*

February 1st.

RAINY, ROBERT, D.D.—The Ancient Catholic Church (A.D 98-451). New Vol. of International Theological Library. 12/- *T. & T. Clark*
SMEATON, OLIPHANT, M.A.—The Medici and the Italian Renaissance. World's Epoch-Makers Series. 3/- *T. & T. Clark*

Books to be Published during January, dates not fixed.

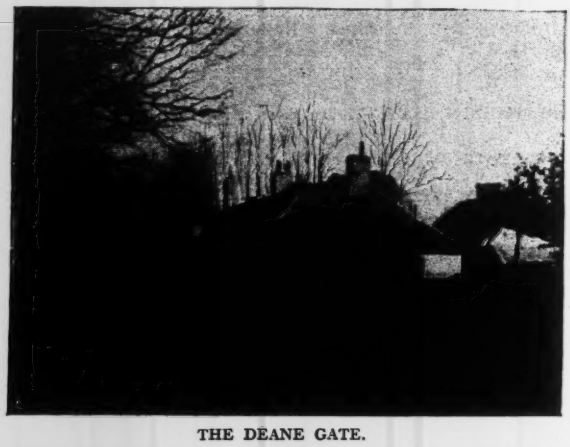
ANON.—The Trial of Man, 6/- ..... *John Murray*
ANON.—High Treason, 6/- ..... *John Murray*
GOWER, LORD RONALD S.—Old Diaries, 16/- net *John Murray*
DENISON, MISS L.—Life of Archdeacon Denison, 12/- net
MOBERLY, DR.—Christ Our Life, 9/- net ..... *John Murray*
VARIOUS AUTHORS.—Alaska, 63/- net ..... *John Murray*
Lockhart's Life of Scott. 10 Vols. 10/6 each net *T. C. & E. C. Jack*
PEAKE, PROF. A. S.—Hebrews. Century Bible *T. C. & E. C. Jack*
SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—Vols. 18 and 19 the Edinburgh Waverley ..... *T. C. & E. C. Jack*

The Reader.

JANE AUSTEN: HER HOMES AND HER FRIENDS.*

By Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B.

NOTHING could have more astonished the modest writer of "Pride and Prejudice," "the most unlearned and uninformed female," she is pleased to say of herself, "who ever dared to be an authoress," than to see a book like this, proclaiming alike by pen and pencil with what affectionate interest every record and vestige of her quiet existence has come to be regarded. "The very inn-windows," says Carlyle of Burns, "where he chanced to scribble in idle hours with his versifying and often satirical diamond, have been unglassed, and the scribbled panes sold into distant quarters." Jane Austen's diamond pointed her pen, but the same feeling which unglazed the Scotch inn-windows has produced this charming literary and artistic memorial. Miss Ellen Hill, the presiding genius of the illustrative department, has gone to work in the firm and well-founded conviction that whatever Jane Austen might have seen will be an acceptable sight to us. This is not only an admirable principle for the task professedly undertaken, but it serves an important collateral purpose by depicting and aiding to perpetuate the picturesque features of an England receding into the past. The stair-rails, the lamps, the cups and balls, the head-dresses and styles of hair which she delights to delineate with a neatness and accuracy not inferior to the sketches of Miss Austen in another field, contribute even more to bring the past before us than the more ambitious views of the parsonages, cottages, theatres, and ballrooms which Jane Austen actually trod. It is gratifying to find that such opportunities of actual contact with our favourite are more numerous than might have been expected. More of Jane Austen's haunts remains than we should have ventured to expect, or admits of restoration from contemporary prints or drawings. Her lodgings at Lyme, for instance, those in which she placed the Harvilles, and the Cobb steps, off which Louisa Musgrove took her unlucky leap, all remain as she saw them, and form the subjects of delightful illustrations. Miss Hill, moreover, is no mere copyist, but can combine details into pictures of such merit as the restoration from a mere hint of "A Young Girl of Spirit" of Miss Austen's period, or the charming glimpse of the Reading interior with the five young people enjoying their "holiday feast."



THE DEANE GATE.

Jane Austen's father and mother spent the first seven years of their married life at Deane. When they left, in 1771, to make their home at Steventon, Deane Lane "was a mere cart track, so cut up by deep ruts as to be impassable for a light carriage. Mrs. Austen, who was not then in strong health, performed the short journey on a feather bed, placed upon some soft articles of furniture in the waggon which held their household goods." Two miles from Steventon, where the lane joins the main road to the west, stood a small tavern and gatehouse (as it was formerly), a low, rambling, whitewashed building—the small wayside inn of Deane Gate.

From a photograph specially taken for The Bookman *by H. A. Aylward, Basingstoke.*

What Miss Ellen Hill is in the artistic, Miss Constance Hill is in the literary department of the subject. She professedly does nothing but glean and piece together; there is scarcely a detail in her book which is not strictly accurate and matter-of-fact; and yet the result is a more vivid portrait of Jane Austen than we have hitherto seen. Probably this is the only way in which so shy and retiring a character can be exhibited. With such subjects, conscious attempts at portraiture become exaggeration; the only way is to let them speak for themselves, and though Miss Austen has not told us much about herself, the little she does say is deeply significant. To us the peculiar charm of her character seems to reside in the alliance of an exquisite gift of sarcasm with genial good-nature, and the constant activity of both. We cannot conceive of her as liable for a moment to any of the failings that tend to ill-nature; and yet, though the woman is indulgent, the pen is merciless. She had the clearest vision of the ridiculous in human character, and she could not depict it otherwise than as she saw it. The alternative would have been not to depict it at all, an alternative which she adopted with regard to many departments of human life which she must have beheld as clearly, but with which she did not choose to concern herself. This reserve has limited the range of her genius without impairing its supremacy. Its most essential

STEVENTON PARSONAGE.

Where Jane Austen was born, on December 16th, 1775.

"The house stood in a shallow valley, surrounded by sloping meadows, well sprinkled with elm trees, at the end of a small village of cottages, each well provided with a garden, scattered about prettily on either side of the road. It was sufficiently commodious to hold pupils in addition to a growing family, and was in those times considered to be above the average of parsonages; but the rooms were furnished with less elegance than would now be found in the most ordinary of dwellings. No cornice marked the junction of wall and ceiling; while the beams which supported the upper floors projected into the rooms below in all their naked simplicity, covered only by a coat of paint or whitewash."—A Memoir of Jane Austen, by J. E. Austen Leigh.

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Block engraved by The Exemplar Engraving Coy., 268 Brixton Hill, S.W.
Printed by The Cranford Press, Chiswick, W.

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characteristic could not be better expressed than by her own description when she speaks of herself as occupied in producing miniatures upon ivory, yet a too strict interpretation of this definition would do her much injustice. When we think of a miniature we almost inevitably think of a single figure, expressive it may be, but evincing nothing of the gift of pictorial drama or narrative which the artist may nevertheless possess. Miss Austen's figures are individually minute, but they are combined into pictures of no inconsiderable compass, and displaying the most essential qualities of great art. A juster comparison would be with Terburg, in one sense a painter upon a miniature scale, but who could and did represent within one small frame a score of diplomatists deciding the fate of Europe.

Perhaps the most important point with a bearing on literary history in which Miss Austen's novels can be

STEVENTON CHURCH.

"The church itself—
A little spireless fane,
Just seen above the woody lane—

might have appeared mean and uninteresting to an ordinary observer; but the adept in church architecture would have known that it must have stood there some seven centuries, and would have found beauty in the very narrow early English windows, as well as in the general proportions of its little chancel, while its solitary position, far from the hum of the village, has in it something solemn and appropriate to the last resting-place of the silent dead. Sweet violets, both purple and white, grow in abundance beneath its south wall."—A Memoir of Jane Austen, by J. E. Austen Leigh.

From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by H. A. Aylward, Basingstoke.*

regarded is as a phase in the evolution by which the novel took the place of the drama in English literature. After Sheridan, its last great master, English comedy had degenerated into five-act farce. Miss Austen filled the void with a comedy which could be enjoyed apart from the theatre. She was not, of course, the originator of this literary form. Miss Burney and others had preceded her, but she far outstripped them, carrying, in fact, the essential spirit of comedy as far as it can well go, save in the exuberance of *vis comica* incompatible with the delicacy of her methods, and that alliance of ideal poetry with the delineation of manners which is only possible to the most exalted genius. Neither Shakespeare nor Molière has surpassed Miss Austen in the branches of the comic art which she cultivates in common with them; it is her deficiency in width of range on the one hand, in animal spirits on the other, that assigns her a lower place. It is noteworthy that one of her juvenile attempts in authorship was an unfinished comedy of merit, "The Mystery."

A few slight particulars may be noted against the inevitable second edition of this delightful book. Miss Austen's brief residence in Winchester might be illustrated

THE OLD MANOR HOUSE, STEVENTON.

Where Jane Austen spent many pleasant hours.

"Beyond the trees rises a stately mansion of early Tudor date, with its stone porch, its heavy mullioned windows, and its great chimney-stacks all wreathed with ivy—the old Manor House of Steventon."—"Jane Austen: Her Homes and Her Friends." By Constance Hill.

From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by H. A. Aylward, Basingstoke.*

by a passage in a letter from Keats to Reynolds, written two years afterwards, September 22nd, 1819. Lydia's elopement in "Pride and Prejudice" curiously resembles the actual elopement of Sir Philip Francis's daughter as described in his recently published correspondence, which took place after the composition of the novel, but before its publication. The phrase "Sense and Sensibility" occurs without any ironic suggestion in a letter of Lady Sarah Lennox, dated July 20th, 1798, eight months after Miss Austen had begun to write her novel, "Your sense and sensibility, my dear Lady Susan." The identification of the Mr. Blackall who is supposed to have been in love with Jane Austen is not very difficult. If "his brother was a medical man in Devonshire," he must have been a brother of Dr. John Blackall, an eminent physician at Exeter (1771—1860), and a great-grandson of Offspring Blackall, Bishop of Exeter from 1707 to 1716.

Miss Hill gives a charade by Miss Austen's father, which to the date of her publication had remained without a solution:—

Without me, divided, fair ladies, I ween,
At a ball or a concert you'll never be seen;
You must do me together, or safely, I'd swear,
Whatever your carriage, you'll never get there.

We venture to interpret, *flambeau.*

THE OLD MANOR HOUSE, STEVENTON, BACK VIEW.

"In the Austen's time a family named Digweed rented the Manor of Steventon. The house is no longer inhabited, but the old building itself has suffered no alteration, as far as its outward walls are concerned, since the Digweeds lived there."—"Jane Austen: Her Homes and Her Friends." By Constance Hill.

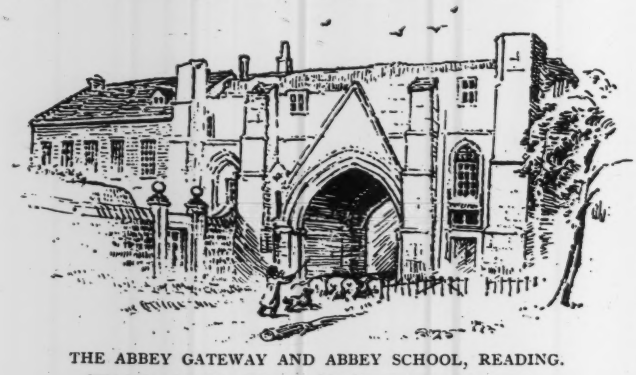
From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by H. A. Aylward, Basingstoke.*

REVELATIONS FROM THE ABYSS.*

A REVIEW OF THE WORK OF MAXIM GORKY, THE RUSSIAN "TRAMP NOVELIST."

By Dr. E. J. Dillon.

IN Muscovy, which is still an unknown land to foreigners, the merchants form a numerous class apart, with which even Russians are but imperfectly acquainted. Traditions, customs, training, views of life, aims, and even dress divide



THE ABBEY GATEWAY AND ABBEY SCHOOL, READING.

Which has just been identified by Miss Constance Hill as the place where Jane Austen went to school.

The Abbey school adjoined the remains of the ancient Abbey of Reading, which was in former times the abode of Benedictine monks. There was an antique gateway with rooms above its arch, and with vast staircases on either side, which stood without the garden walls looking upon an open green belonging to the town. To this school Jane Austen was sent, "not because she was thought old enough to profit by much instruction there imparted, but because she would have been miserable (at home) without her sister, her mother observing that 'if Cassandra were going to have her head cut off, Jane would insist on sharing her fate.'"—Memoir by J. E. Austen Leigh.

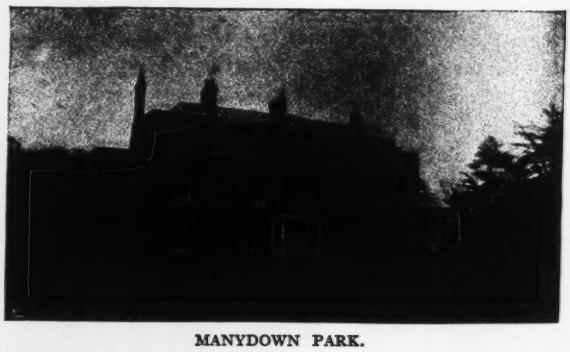
(Reproduced from "Jane Austen: Her Homes and Her Friends." By Constance Hill. By kind permission of Mr. John Lane.)

them from the others. They have their own moral code, which is often that of the human shark, and their own religion, which makes a very suitable frame for it. They marry within their exclusive circle, and safeguard their progeny from contact with the wave of European culture—which has washed away many of the narrow idiosyncrasies of the upper social layers—as though death were in its touch. The clergy before the time of Tsar Peter were hardly more of a caste than are the genuine Russian merchants of to-day.

Training, heredity, experience have sharpened all their faculties and changed them into weapons serviceable in the struggle for gold. They drive a bargain as cunningly as Mephistopheles, and press it home with the ruthlessness of Shylock. The dire necessities or the simple trust of others constitute their golden opportunities. Rigour in the observance of the protracted fasts of the Church, punctiliousness in the practice of its rites and ceremonies, and fervent prayers for divine assistance in carrying out their schemes of oppression and extortion are integral portions of their spiritual equipment. Maxim Gorky, the gifted painter of the dregs of Russian society, many of whose shorter sketches are genuine works of art, has now chosen the heroes of one of his most ambitious stories—a novel one cannot call it—from this peculiar section of his compatriots.

Ignat Gordyeeff, the hero's father, is a perfect type of these men of prey, or "fists," as they are picturesquely termed in the land that produces them. There is as large an admixture of humanity in his brutality as there is of truth in a lie to impart to it the cohesion necessary to existence. Himself a pitiless grinder of men, in a physical as well as an economic sense, brute force in all its forms is the delight of his soul. Thus he watches with ecstasies of joy the utter destruction of one of his own barges by the moving ice, which crushes it into fragments against the river bank, and he grieves that it was not vouchsafed to him to witness the fire that burned another of his vessels to ashes. The wealth which he has heaped up by sweating the poor and cheating the well-to-do, he occasionally scatters in drinking and debauch, but is unable to spend to any good purpose. Now and again he rushes off "on the spree," staggers through every stage of drunkenness and temporary madness, glories in humiliating the waifs of society, and, returning home, fasts with gusto, prays with unction, philosophises at random, and beats his wife because she has not borne him a son. His one unfulfilled desire is to have an heir to whom he may hand over his wealth and business, and whom he may train to walk in his own footsteps. On the death of this patient wife Ignat marries a dreamy sectarian, who gazes into space, broods, speaks little, and cares for nothing. But she presents her husband with the wished-for son and dies in childbed.

The boy, who is named Foma, receives three successive coats of educational varnish. His earliest years are passed in the family of his godfather Mayákin, among a group of bigoted, narrow-minded, gloomy-souled women, whose life is filled by the externals of religion, fasts, feasts, and church visits. No sooner has his reason unfolded itself sufficiently to take in and assimilate impressions than he is removed to the paternal home, where a real human being in the shape of an aunt protects him from his father's drunken caresses, and fills his tender mind with the contents of the cornucopia of Russian fairy tales and legends, while the teachers of an elementary school engraft upon it the crude notions of men and things which form the stock-in-trade of Russian rudimentary education. He is then taken by his father on one of his barges along the Volga, where new horizons spread themselves out before him, and experience of the seamy side of men reacting upon the inborn character complete his mental and moral equipment. The theories and comments which form a fitting accompaniment to the sights and scenes



MANYDOWN PARK.

The fine old mansion of Manydown is within easy reach of Basingstoke, and when the Assembly balls took place, Jane Austen often stayed there with her friend Miss Catherine Bigg.

From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by H. A. Aylward, Basingstoke.*

(By kind permission of Mr. S. E. Bates.)

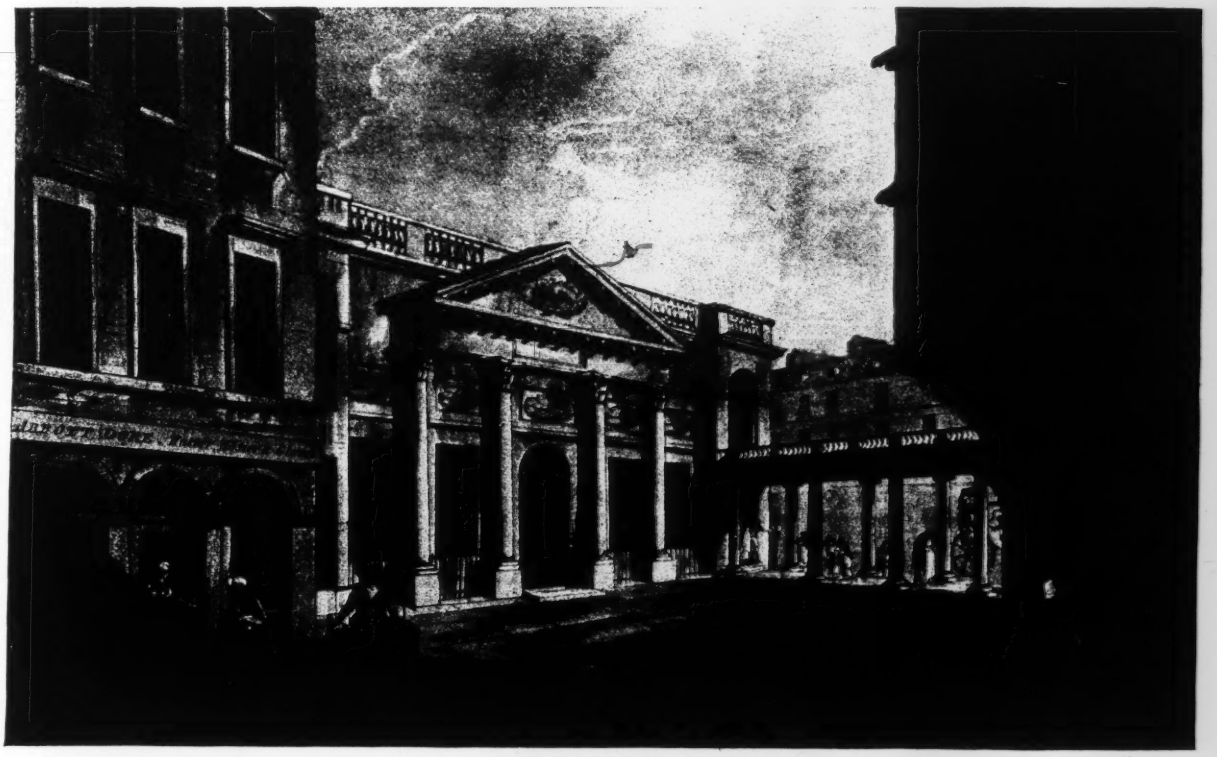
* "Foma Gordyeeff." By Maxim Gorky. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)
"The Orloff Couple and Malva." By Maxim Gorky. 6s. (Heinemann.)

around him are supplied at first by his father and, after Ignat's death, by his godfather Mayákin, who hopes to have him as his son-in-law, and to join the wealth of the houses in one.

After his father's death he began to steer his own barque without compass, lodestar, or destination. Coarse, ignorant, egotistic, fond of boisterous orgies, of filthy debauch, he goes on sucking the life-blood of the poor and luckless, and treating all men and women who come in his way as if they were in very truth but shells to be cracked and flung aside. Duties, obligations, laws, human and divine, are irksome to him; so he breaks them and shakes them off like rusty chains. In one of his drunken carouses with abandoned females, who, fallen though they were, stood on an immeasurably higher level than himself, he suddenly orders the moorings of the raft to be cut on which they were standing and lets them drift with the current, in imminent danger of their lives. "Drowning—people drowning!" roared a bass voice. "Are you people?" shouted Foma spitefully. On another occasion he has the captain of his steamer bound and locked up, and by way of a joke bars the way of six barges on the same river. Some of the vessels were smashed, one was sunk, one man had his spine broken, five were injured, and several others "were pretty thoroughly spoiled." And all these defenceless men, and with them their wretched wives and children, were plunged in grief and tortured by want merely to give point to the joke of this human wolf. He regarded people as a heap of worms crawling about in search of food, and, forsooth, felt disgusted at the unseemly sight. He kept aloof from his own class in particular, whom he despised for their love of money and their selfishness! "I grow malicious," he exclaims; "I'd like to beat everybody. People don't please me—what are they?"

The other figures of the story are likewise revelations from the abyss. Two instances will suffice to give a fairly adequate idea of the portraits painted by Maxim Gorky at the same time as Foma Gordyeeff. One of them is a wealthy skinflint named Shtchuroff, who is suspected of having first harboured a convict in his house, then compelled him to make counterfeit coin, and, lastly, of having burned him alive, and is known to have seduced his son's wife, whereupon the son took to drink through grief. This paragon counsels Foma to pray, calls the late Ignat an impenitent sinner, and, having been foiled in an attempt to "squeeze" the young merchant, begins to chaunt prayers to the "blessed birthgiver of God." Another choice youth, the prematurely worn out journalist Ezhoff [the proper English translation should be Yeshoff], speaks of the upper classes as follows: "I would collect together the remnants of my tortured soul, and together with my heart's blood I would spit them in the faces of our edu-du-cated people, de-devil take it! I would say to them: You insignificant insects, you are the best sap of my country. . . . Oh, you nits! How dear you have cost your country! What do you do for it?" A third of the hero's boon companions, after having eaten and drunk at his expense, elegantly describes his host to his face as follows: "You are the rotten illness of your father, who, although he was a thief, was a worthy man nevertheless in comparison with you."

Such then was Foma, a clumsy loon with no varnish, not



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE PUMP ROOM, BATH, AS IT WAS IN JANE AUSTEN'S TIME.

Jane Austen often accompanied her uncle, Mr. Leigh Perrot, to the Pump Room, where he had to take "his second glass of water." "Every creature in Bath was to be seen in the room at different periods of the fashionable hours; crowds of people were every moment passing in and out, up the steps and down; people whom nobody cared about, and nobody wanted to see."—Northanger Abbey.

(Reproduced from an old print very kindly furnished by Mr. J. F. Meehan, of Bath.)

even the little which his own class might have bestowed upon him, a huge, sensual body with hardly the glimmer of a soul, a complex of animal forces operating for the basest of selfish, sometimes of malignant ends, without an ethical principle or a religious regulative to guide their action or hinder their abuse, a boor, a dunce, a sot, a satyr. The figure is truly repulsive, and worthy of the kind of artist to whom the Greeks gave the name of rhyparographs. But, at any rate, it is conceivable, and may well stand for an individual. What runs, however, utterly counter to reality and is equally untrue to Art is the woof of this monster's character, which the author has woven of slender threads of idealism and philosophic criticism. That this crass, brutish dullard, whose intellect is too feeble to enable him to pick his way along the smooth road traversed by his fellows, should be philosophical enough to spend his lucid intervals in formulating profound questions in ethics, metaphysics, religion, and sociology, and "honest" enough to feel indignation at the immoral conduct of men who, however bad, were immeasurably better than himself, is a fiction so improbable on the face of it that the least critical reader is certain to reject it as an insult to his judgment. The author must be laughing in his sleeve when he presents this quintessence of brutality, vice, and dulness, exclaiming: "Men, like cockroaches, are altogether superfluous on the earth. . . . My soul aches! And it aches because it is upright; it will not be reconciled to pettiness."

THE OLD THEATRE, ORCHARD STREET, BATH.

Where Henry Tilney and Catherine Morland met after their misunderstanding.

"On the east side of Orchard Street is a building that in turn has served the purposes of a theatre, a Roman Catholic Chapel, and is now used as a Masonic Hall. Bath was inadequately supplied with accommodation for the production of theatrical representations until 1747, when Mr. John Hippisley, a London actor of some note, in association with a Mr. Watts, projected the Orchard Street Theatre. At the death of Mr. Hippisley the building was completed by John Palmer, and opened in 1750. It was altered and enlarged at various periods, and in 1768 Palmer obtained the first letters patent granted to any theatre in England, enabling him to use the title of 'Theatre Royal.' At this Orchard Street Theatre such lights in the theatrical firmament as Mrs. Siddons, Henderson, Miss Kemble, Samuel Foote, and Mrs. Farren appeared."—"Famous Houses of Bath." By J. F. Meehan.

(Reproduced from an old print very kindly furnished by Mr. J. F. Meehan, of Bath.)

In consequence of a philippic against the merchant class of Russia, which he delivered at a festive gathering on board a new steamer, Foma was seized, bound, and sent to his mother's relatives in the Ural, and some years later he reappeared in the city, "shabby, dishevelled, and half-witted." Such are the outlines of the somewhat slender story.

Foma's godfather, Mayákin, the wily, unscrupulous merchant, with his inexhaustible fund of proverbial philosophy of the most cynical kind, is the best limned portrait in the book. But even he, like Foma and Ezhoff, is to a large extent a mere puppet. The strings of these lay figures are pulled by the embittered author, who, seeking an outlet for his pent-up feelings against the educated classes, needs a mouthpiece, and, having moulded characters out of the basest slime of the earth, mars even these by decking them out in the tawdry tinsel of philosophic anarchism.

"The Orloff Couple and Malva" introduces two other sketches by M. Gorky to the notice of the British public. The former is the story of the bickerings, squabbles, and fights of a drunken cobbler with his patient wife, which begin in their dark, loathsome cellar, and end in the ward of a cholera hospital, where they separate for ever. "Malva" is the somewhat unsavoury tale of the love of an uneducated peasant who has left his wife to work at a sea-fishery for a good-looking vagrant girl, and of the efforts of his grown-up son to oust him out of her unholy love in order to take his place. The sparkle of fish scales, the smell of rotting fish, the hoarse shouts of drunken men and the murmur of the sea waves on the beach, form a fitting frame for this realistic picture. Orloff in the one story and Malva in the other are smitten by the peculiar form of *Weltschmerz*, mingled with intermittent rage against men, which in a greater or lesser degree affect most of Gorky's creations. "Whatever was life given us for?" asks Orloff, the drunken cobbler. . . . "What is a man to do whose life is a burden to him?" And he solves the problem by swilling vodka and beating his wife. "Sometimes I pity everybody, and especially myself," exclaims the unfortunate girl Malva, "sometimes I want to kill everybody and then do for myself—die some horrible death." And she partially satisfies her craving by deliberately kindling the fire of hatred in the heart of her paramour against his own son, and by inspiring the son with unlawful passion for herself. The philosophical reflections uttered by Foma Gordyeeff, Orloff, Malva, and Vassili Legosteff are part of the ideal atmosphere projected by Gorky into the squalid scenes in which these people live and move. In the realities of everyday life, even in Russia, they are very seldom heard, and it is here that we find the true line of cleavage between the artist and the social reformer, the artistic types of living men and women and the mere puppets of Maxim Gorky.

But even were they typical, the chief personages of these three stories are not people whose character, lives, or speeches are calculated to benefit or to interest keenly Western readers. They dwell in a world over which the malignity of Hades or the nightmare of Bedlam is creeping; they are "figures who were once men," for whom love is the delirium of lust, business the frenzy of greed, social relations the unfolding of diabolical hatred, and life—a sneer of Satan's hurled into space.

A NEW NOTE OF POETIC MELANCHOLY.*

By Sir George Douglas, Bart.

IN strength of literary interest Mr. Hardy's new volume of verse very much surpasses its predecessor. Of the "Wessex Poems" it might be said, perhaps justly, that they were interesting chiefly in the light of other books—that is to say, when viewed as *πάρεργα* or literary recreations of a great master of prose. For those pieces contained in the book which were at once novel and distinctive were either too few or too slight to give it substantial character. Of the present volume this can by no means be said. On the contrary, had it appeared anonymously, it would still have attracted, or at least deserved, attention. For it contributes something both new and powerful to the interpretation or criticism of life. That something, which I have described as a new note of poetic melancholy, is not, however, reached at once. Opening with some loyal lines on the late Queen, the book goes on to present a sheaf of War Poems, which differ from the serviceable Kiplingisms and Begbie-isms of the hour most notably in this, that they dwell not on the glory, but on the piteousness of the struggle. Like other gods, in Mr. Hardy's view, the God of Battles has had his day, and now enters upon his twilight, or period of obscuration. In this section unstrained pathos, vividness of presentment, and a happy, homely jingle, combine to raise one poem, "The Going of the Battery," above the rest. The Poems of Pilgrimage, which follow, deal with little experiences or impressions of travel. They are interesting to students and admirers of the author's work, and if they add nothing to his reputation at least take nothing from it. And now we reach the core of the book—the Miscellaneous Poems so called, though they are in fact the poems which have the most definite common characteristics and contribute most to a definite cumulative effect. And be it said at once that this effect is one of a pessimism which leaves Leopardi's pessimism far behind, and makes that of James Thomson, of "The City of Dreadful Night," seem little more than posture-making.

JAMES KING, THE BATH MASTER OF CEREMONIES, WHO FIGURES IN "NORTHANGER ABBEY."

It was at a ball in the Lower Rooms that Henry Tilney was first introduced to Catherine Morland by Mr. James King.—"Northanger Abbey." Chapter III.

"This Mr. King was, it seems, a real personage. He was Master of the Ceremonies at the Lower Rooms, from the year 1785 to 1805, when he became Master of the Ceremonies for the Upper Rooms. A code of rules compiled by him was used for about thirty years. One of these rules, originally laid down by Beau Nash, forbade gentlemen to wear boots in the rooms of an evening."—"Jane Austen: Her Homes and Her Friends." By Constance Hill.

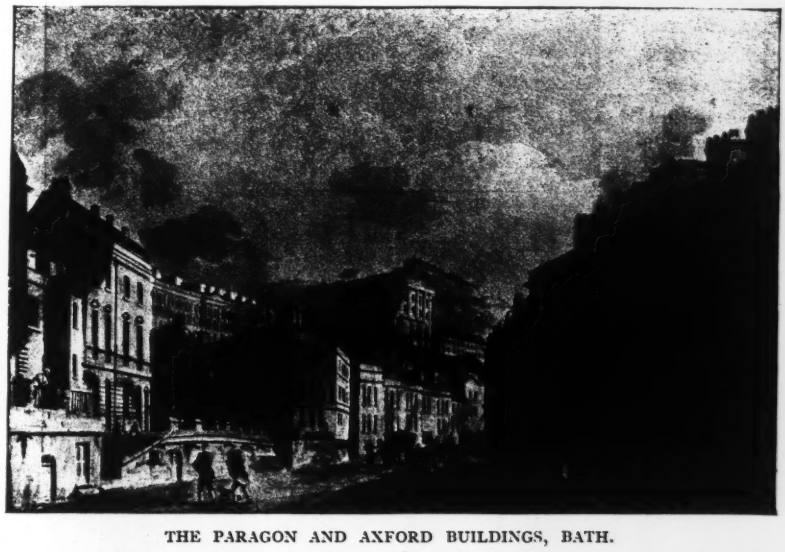
(Reproduced from an old print very kindly furnished by Mr. J. F. Meehan, of Bath.)

The superiority is portentous; how has it been obtained? Chiefly, perhaps, by process of elimination. Those elements in the poetry of the two authors cited which made for consolation are here conspicuous by absence. Let me make my meaning plainer. The afflicted recluse of Recanati did indeed brood long and heavily upon the ennui, the futility of life:

Abbandonata, oscura
Resta la vita. In lei porgendo il guardo
Cerca il confuso viatore in vano,
Del cammin lungo che avanzar si sente,
Meta o ragion.

But, even in the act of writing these lines, he supplied a palliative of the evil they decried. For can we question that he had delight of the Pindaric exaltation of his lays, their classic grace and purity of style? And, if so, then for him existed moments—brief, perhaps, as they were surely few—in which life's sullen lethargy was shaken off, and he was free to speed exultingly through star-illumined spaces of song's heaven. And so with Thomson. His

* "Poems of the Past and of the Present." By Thomas Hardy. 6s. (Harpers.)



THE PARAGON AND AXFORD BUILDINGS, BATH.

In the background can be seen the green slopes which rise to Camden Place, a locality which Sir Walter Elliot, in "Persuasion," chose for his residence as being "a lofty and dignified situation, such as became a man of consequence."

(Reproduced from an old print very kindly furnished by Mr. J. F. Meehan, of Bath.)

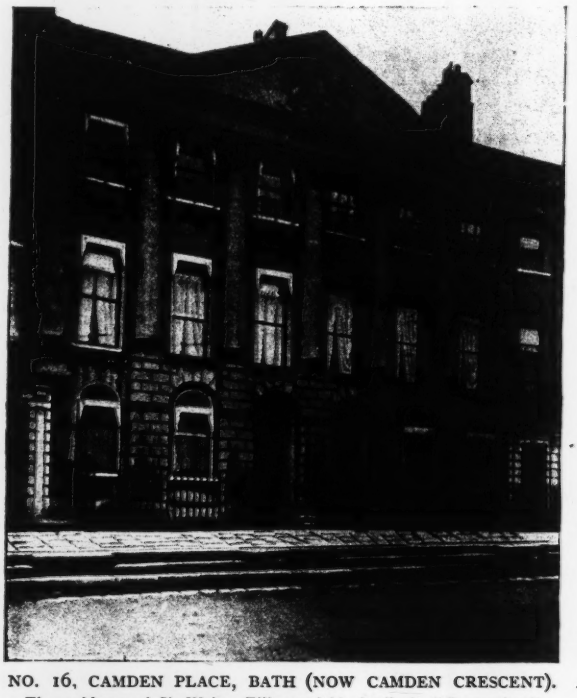
NO. 1, PARAGON, BATH.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Perrot. In 1801 Jane Austen's family made this house their headquarters while they looked about for a suitable home in Bath. Here Jane had her "own room up two pair of stairs, with everything very comfortable."

From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by A. F. Perren, Bath.*

spirit's joy was, paradoxically, in dark imaginings; in the creation of the tenebrous, heart-rending, and horrific. And, in both these cases, as also in that of the much less sombre melancholy of Shelley, it is worth while to ask whether something at least of the poet's gloom should not be ascribed, less to objective evil inherent in life at large, than to reaction following exaltation in one delicately-adjusted nervous system. This, however, is by the way. Returning to Mr. Hardy, we now observe that the group of pessimistic poems which give tone to the volume under notice lacks alike the emotional heat and formal beauty of Leopardi, and the rich creative art which distinguished "Bysshe Vanolis" at his best. This being so, what quality, we ask, supplies the place of these missing graces, and so entitles the new volume to be compared as poetry with the older ones? The answer is, a sheer stark power in the statement of conclusions, which are put forth in poetic form indeed, yet blankly, and untempered by the *softening* influence of art. Their beauty is the beauty of the austere; the forbidding fairness we have seen in limits set up by nature's self—a precipice or mountain side, which seems to bear upon its face in scarcely cryptic writing the legend "Thus far, and no further." But here the boundary has been set to control thought, not action. Of the poems dominated by these characteristics, I might cite at least a score. Of these a few are, "The Mother Mourns," with its quaint reminiscence of the author's whilom art in drawing woman, "The Lacking Sense," "I said to Love," "A Commonplace Day," "At a Lunar Eclipse," "Doom and She," "Memory and I,"—the burden and gist of all which songs is, not merely that a glory has departed from the earth, but that life itself is meaningless and full of pain, showing no certain sign of "*meta o ragione*"; that Nature herself is blind and irresponsible, equally perhaps with her creations a fitting subject for compassion. The height of irony is reached, perhaps, in "The Bedridden Peasant." Mr. Hardy has somewhere said that it is well to look upon the worst side of things as well as on the best. In the present volume he has had the courage of this opinion. Poetically, in a new gaunt form of poetry, the effect of the book is as powerful as it is morally saddening. And yet we wholly decline to give in our adhesion to its conclusions. Except to the one in twenty thousand whose sensitiveness is much above the normal pitch, life is no evil. The vast majority in this world are not unhappy. Were they so, it is but logical to believe that cases of suicide would be more numerous than they have ever been. "One cannot think deeply without thinking hopefully"; these are the words of another distinguished contemporary thinker, Mr. George Meredith. Finally, just as in the trifling difficulties of daily life, so in these so much greater difficulties of time, it is at once our duty, our interest, and the becoming part for us to play, to find something (not, of course, something false) to say, which shall tend to minimise discomforts, to cheer our companions, and to help them make the best of things. But this, I fear, is not Mr. Hardy's view.

A final word as to the composition of the book. In one of his shorter stories, the author has described a poet who was not only "a pessimist in so far as that character applies to a man who looks at the worst contingencies as well as the best in the human condition," but was also "little attracted by excellences of form and rhythm apart from content." The second part of the description fits the author himself, in his capacity of poet, as well as does the first; for with a few exceptions—nominally, "The Subalterns," "The Well-Beloved," "To Flowers from Italy," and the delightful poem of "The Darkling Thrush"—his verses do not attain to that



NO. 16, CAMDEN PLACE, BATH (NOW CAMDEN CRESCENT).

The residence of Sir Walter Elliot and his family in "Persuasion."

"Their house was undoubtedly the best in Camden Place; their drawing-rooms had many decided advantages over all the others which they had either seen or heard of, and the superiority was not less in the style of the fitting-up or the taste of the furniture."—"Persuasion."

From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by A. F. Perren, Bath.*

impeccable artistic quality to which the study of a Tennyson, or a William Watson, has accustomed the fastidious reader. On the other hand, as was to be expected, he steers quite clear of that empty smoothness which is the besetting fault of the "Parnassian" Poets. Another notable technical feature in this book is the number of new and unfamiliar words employed—as many as, or more than, were added to our knowledge of the Greek language by the lately-found poems of Bacchylides. Thus Mr. Hardy gives us, among adjectives, "webby," "crescive," "fulgid," "ghast," "multi-marbled," "englamoured," "illimited," "leopardine"; among nouns, "nimb" (for nimbus), "gravure," "palinody," "deficience"; among verbs, "outskeleton," "tokening," "annunciate," "unknow," "retrocede," "blandish," "hueing"; and among adverbs, "abrim," "creaturely," "blestly," and "sereward." It will be interesting to observe if any of these vocables are adopted into common use.

New Books.

MORE LETTERS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD.*

Mr. Aldis Wright has rendered a service to the public by the production of this pleasant little volume. It may not have the interest of the first series, which, as Mr. Wright says, in his preface, told the story of Fitzgerald's life in his own words; but the letters have a charm and a freshness which is all the writer's own, and which cannot fail to bring a pleasant hour or two to the reader.

To the younger generation this later correspondence, the greater part of which dates from the sixties and seventies, will be of special interest, as it treats of times and persons with which they are themselves acquainted. The Tichborne trial, the dangerous illness of the present King during the closing weeks of 1871, the wonderful shower of shooting stars in 1866, the music hall song "Champagne Charlie," which was reproduced by every barrel organ, are all fresh in our memories. Of the latter, Fitzgerald says, with great truth, "A brutal Thing; nearly worthless—the Tune, I mean—but yet not quite—else it would not become so great a Bore. No: I can see to my sorrow, that it has some Go."

There are, however, a few much earlier letters of 1839 and 1840, showing traces of the customs of the almost forgotten days, when smokers (after that the married people had gone to bed) were sent to the kitchen to "smoke amid the fumes of cold mutton that has formed the maids' supper;" and the writer's mention of copious teas (prefaced with beer) of which he partook in the country pot-houses of Bedfordshire, shows that he appreciated the delights (now, alas, rarely enjoyed!) of "high tea." W. F. Pollock, who became a Master of the Court of Exchequer in 1846, the Rev. George Crabbe of Merton, Mr. E. B. Cowell, and later, Carlyle, Frederic Tennyson, Leslie Stephen, and Mr. Aldis Wright himself, are Fitzgerald's most frequent correspondents. "Old" James Spedding, W. M. Donne, and Thackeray, are constantly mentioned, but they do not appear among the recipients of these charming letters, which give us much insight into the writer's singular but interesting idiosyncrasy.

He appears in his favourite character of an ochlophobist (with which we cannot but sympathise), when he rejoices that Tennyson has returned from Switzerland "rather disappointed." "How could such herds of gaping idiots come back enchanted, if there were much worth going to see?" Indeed, he hated travelling; the inns, the railways, the steamboats, the packing and unpacking, all were equally abhorrent to his nature; and in one letter he reproaches himself in that, having sailed to Berwick-upon-Tweed for the sake of the sail, and being anxious to visit Edinburgh, which he had never seen, he would not face the railway journey of two hours' duration. How little, in consequence of his retiring habits, he knew of the world, is curiously shown in a letter written in 1872, when he evidently confuses the duties of the Director of the National Gallery, then Sir William Boxall, with those of the President of the Royal Academy.

But his judgments are, as a rule, eminently sensible; and when he felt himself to be in the right, he generally expressed his opinions in forcible language. Thus he declares himself to be "against stuffing Westminster Abbey with any one's statue, until a hundred years or more have proved whether Posterity is as warm about a Man's merits as we are." On this ground he refused to subscribe to the memorials of Wordsworth and Thackeray, of both of whom he was an admirer. Many of us will sympathise with his dislike of

ELIZABETH REFUSES TO MARRY MR. COLLINS.

(From a coloured illustration by H. M. Brock.)

"Mrs. Bennet rang the bell, and Mrs Elizabeth was summoned to the library.

"'Come here, child,' cried her father as she appeared. 'I have sent for you on an affair of importance. I understand that Mr. Collins has made you an offer of marriage. Is it true?'

"Elizabeth replied that it was.

"'Very well—and this offer of marriage you have refused?'

"'I have, sir!'

"'Very well. We now come to the point. Your mother insists upon your accepting it. Is it not so, Mrs. Bennet?'

"'Yes, or I will never see her again.'

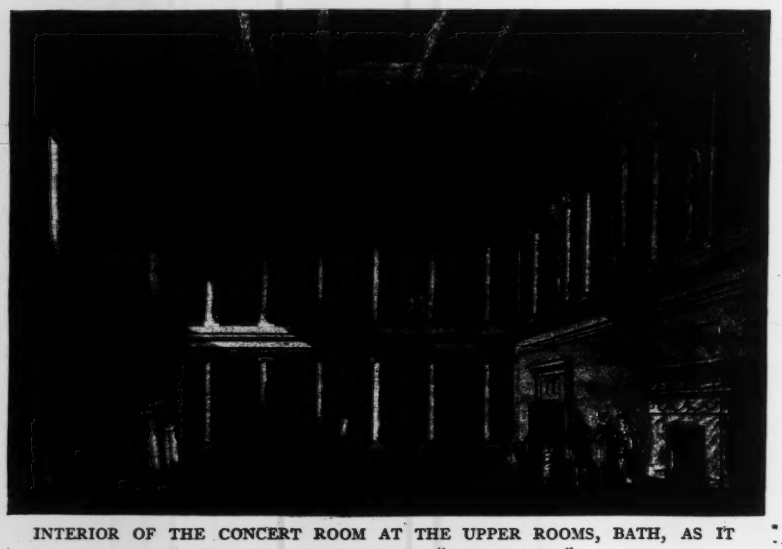
"'An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth. From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your mother will never see you again if you do *not* marry Mr. Collins, and I will never see you again if you *do*.'"

(Reproduced from "Pride and Prejudice," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

the "brutal Gods and Heroes" of the Iliad; with his confessed Tears (he calls it blubbering) at the last scenes of Shakespeare's "Henry the Fifth"; with his criticism on Frith's "Derby Day"; and with his horror of Professional Beauties. "When I am told how Ladies (with, I suppose, their Husbands', and Brothers', and Fathers' sanction), prostitute their faces in Photograph among Actresses, etc., in London Shops, I do not think this Country can have long to live, though it may last my time."

In a letter of 1868, he alludes to "an astonishing plan to regulate Railway Fares on the Penny post system," and adds "It will come to pass. Have I not said it?" Had he lived

* More Letters of Edward Fitzgerald. Edited by William Aldis Wright. Eversley Series. 5s. (Macmillan.)



INTERIOR OF THE CONCERT ROOM AT THE UPPER ROOMS, BATH, AS IT WAS IN THE DAYS OF "PERSUASION."

Here it was that Anne Elliot met Captain Wentworth after their estrangement.

"It was a concert for the benefit of a person patronised by Lady Dalrymple. . . . The whole party was collected, and all that remained was to marshal themselves, and proceed into the Concert Room, and be of all the consequence in their power, draw as many eyes, excite as many whispers, and disturb as many people as they could."—"Persuasion." Chapters XIX. and XX.

(Reproduced from an old print very kindly furnished by Mr. J. F. Meehan, of Bath.)

to the present day, Fitzgerald might have pointed to the Twopenny Tube as the commencement of an universal system of Uniform Fares.

During the latter part of his life he was seriously troubled by defective eyesight; he appears to have borne this affliction with exemplary patience, and the peculiarities of the boys whom he employed as readers form a never-ending source of amusement in his letters to his friends. In the last few years before his death, he in some degree recovered, though his eyes remained very weak. During much of this time he lived in lodgings at Woodbridge, which he varied by sailing excursions in his lugger (with a captain for whom he entertained great respect and admiration), and occasional sojourns at Aldboro' and Lowestoft. Fitzgerald's admirers generally connect his name with Boulge Hall, and later with Farlingay Hall; and one cannot help regretting that he appears, on the advice of a friend, to have changed the latter title, which recalls so many old associations and legendary tales of times past, to such a common-place name as "Little Grange," from which he frequently dates his letters. Happily the house speedily reverted to its old name.

A very remarkable trait is Fitzgerald's strong aversion to Browning's works; more than once he rails against the "fashion" which has made Browning a poet, and confesses his inability to discover any merit in his poems.

In 1857, we have the first mention of Omar Khayyam, who has brought so much posthumous glory to Fitzgerald. "He is the best Persian I have seen." And it is about this time that we come across a few passing allusions to his wife, "poor Soul," as he calls her. His kindness of heart is evidenced by the casual mention of a "poor Lad who is shut up in some London office all day," to whom he is giving the opportunity of air and exercise during a visit to Woodbridge.

With the duties of a citizen he would have nothing to do. In 1868, he declares that he "won't vote for nobody, and should recommend all other men to a like course, so as to let Parliament collapse entirely." The successful candidates for East Suffolk, with whom he was most anxious to avoid an interview, were Henniker Major (now Lord Henniker, and Lieut.-Governor of the Isle of Man), and Corrance, once the best shot in England, and a faithful adherent of the Conservative party; now a vigorous octogenarian, still keenly interested in politics, but by no means a supporter of the present Government. The defeated candidates, with whom Fitzgerald was equally determined to have no intercourse, are no longer with us; Sir Shafto Adair (afterwards Lord Waveney) and the late Sir Sutton Western.

Two criticisms we must venture to make on Mr. Aldis Wright's otherwise admirable editing. The conversation between the Lord Mayor of London and Mr. Toddyhigh, mentioned by Fitzgerald in 1840, occurs in "Master Humphrey's Clock," the original preface to "Barnaby Rudge" and the "Old Curiosity Shop." These two stories are now so constantly published as separate volumes, that the introduction, one of Dickens' most humorous works, is almost unknown to the present generation. On page 194 Nation should be Native. A Suffolk man always speaks of his birth-place as his "Native," and that is no doubt the word used by Fitzgerald.

W. BRAMPTON GURDON.

DR. WATSON'S LIFE OF THE MASTER.*

To write a life of Christ is the supreme literary achievement. The real essence of the life seems somehow to evade research, as His likeness has hitherto refused to yield itself to the graphic imagination of the artist. But from all points of view men are attracted to the central figure, and strive to depict what they see. We have had it rendered in so-called poetry by Juvencus and Nonnus Sedulius; it has been exhibited for purposes of devotion by Ludolph of Saxony, Bonaventura and Jeremy Taylor,

* "The Life of the Master." By John Watson, D.D. With sixteen illustrations by Corwin Knapp Linson. 25s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

LYDIA.

(From a drawing by C. E. Brock.)

"As they drew near the appointed inn, the three young ladies quickly perceived both Kitty and Lydia looking out of a dining-room upstairs. These two girls had been above an hour in the place, happily employed in visiting an opposite milliner, watching the sentinel on guard, and dressing a salad and cucumber.

"After welcoming their sisters, they triumphantly displayed a table set out with such cold meat as an inn larder usually affords, exclaiming: 'Is not this nice? Is not this an agreeable surprise?'

"'And we mean to treat you all,' added Lydia; 'but you must lend us the money, for we have just spent ours at the shop out there.' Then, showing her purchases, 'Look here, I have bought this bonnet.'"

(Reproduced from "Pride and Prejudice," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.)

and in the colours and with all the minute accessories of realism as in the strange "Iesät Nassar," and in many other and more profitable forms. Dr. Watson seems to think that critical Lives, of which we have

ELIZABETH AND HER FATHER.

(From a drawing by Pickering in the "Steventon Edition" of Jane Austen's novels, issued by Messrs. Richard Bentley and Son.)

"Elizabeth, still more affected, was earnest and solemn in her reply; and at length, by repeated assurances that Mr. Darcy was really the object of her choice . . . . she did conquer her father's incredulity, and reconcile him to the match.

"'Well, my dear,' said he, when she ceased speaking, 'I have no more to say. If this be the case, he deserves you. I could not have parted with you, my Lizzy, to anyone less worthy.' To complete the favourable impression, she then told him what Mr. Darcy had voluntarily done for Lydia."

(Reproduced from "Pride and Prejudice," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.)

in recent years seen so many, have at least for the present been overdone. Probably he would agree with the late Master of Balliol, who said, "If the life of Christ is ever written over again in our own age and country, it should not be as a history of wonders, but as a history of truths which seem to be always fading away before the eyes of men, and are always needing to be revived. It should not be critical, or sentimental, or picturesque, but it should seek to bring the mind and thoughts of Christ a little nearer to the human heart." Dr. Watson has at any rate adopted a method of his own which saves him from competing with other attempts. "We do not dare to promise that after he has read the last page of the *Life of the Master* the reader will be wiser on a site or a date; but we dare to hope that he will have a clearer vision of the august Figure Who invites the judgment of each man's conscience, Who lays His hand on each man's heart." He sets Christ before us in the reasonableness of His life, combining humanism and asceticism in His complete perfectness of character; he follows Him into those circumstances which evoked what was deepest within Him, the Temptation, the beginning of the Ministry, His dealing with individuals, and so forth. Frequently he groups incidents which bring out clearly some salient feature of the Life, and thus he rather goes round the Figure and surveys it from various points than follows it through the chronological order. This is done with unfailing good taste, and with a literary skill surpassing even the Author's best previous work. Passages from his most popular volumes might no doubt be cited which exhibit, let us say, a richer humour or a cleverer presentation of human foibles; but no such sustained writing has come from his pen. We rather think that this will prove to be his Masterpiece; and we think so partly because it succeeds in concentrating attention on its theme. The book culminates, as it ought to do, in the chapter on the Death of Christ, which is narrated in the simple language and subdued tone appropriate to the subject, and effectually brings the reader into an attitude of reverence and sympathy. Dr. Watson may enjoy the pure satisfaction of knowing that he has succeeded in giving us a clearer vision of the august Figure he depicts. The literary workmanship and insight of the book deserve unstinted praise; but the highest praise we can give it is that it makes us feel that attention ought not to be turned to the writer, but to the subject. It is a book that every one should read. MARCUS DODS.

THE ETHICS OF SPINOZA.*

This is the best English book on the *Ethics*, or *Ethic*, as it is perhaps more correctly named. It is not a book for the general reader who merely desires to know something *about* the *Ethic*, for it demands a previous and thorough acquaintance with all Spinoza's works. It has evidently been the labour of years, a labour of love and sympathy, without which it is impossible to present Spinoza properly, or, indeed, to understand him. Mr. Joachim does not deal in judgments incisively outlined or brilliant antitheses: prolonged and earnest study has brought, as it usually brings, an indisposition to criticism which is definite and picturesque but not true.

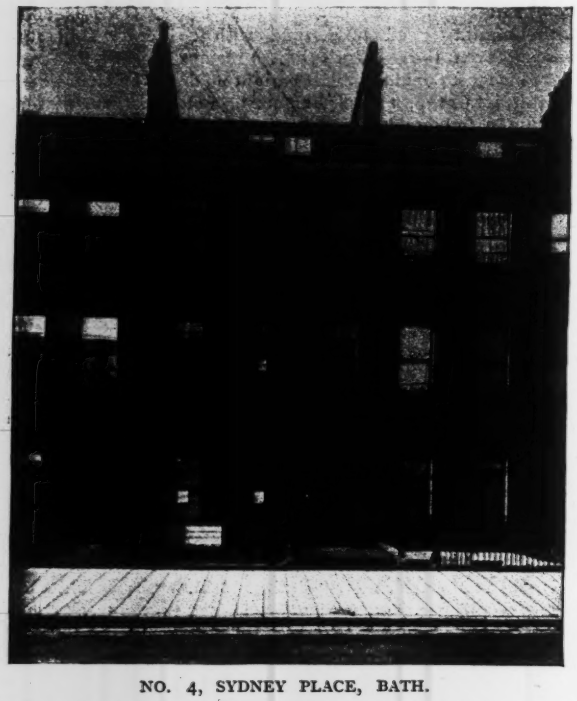
The "Study" consists of two parts, a paraphrase of the *Ethic* and a commentary. It may be thought, perhaps, that the former is unnecessary, but in reality it is of great service, for it puts Spinoza into other words, and thereby we better comprehend him. We do not comprehend him if we cannot move from his form. The commentary is a faithful attempt to elucidate obscurity and is a fair statement of difficulties. As this is not the place for an essay on Spinoza, all that is necessary now is to point out with much deference a few deficiencies and misconceptions. Let it be distinctly understood, however, that they bear the minutest proportion

* "A Study of the Ethics of Spinoza." By Harold H. Joachim, Fellow and Tutor of Merton College, Oxford. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

MILSOM STREET, BATH, AS IT WAS IN THE DAYS OF JANE AUSTEN.

Milsom Street, which is peopled with Jane Austen's characters, is "now the great thoroughfare from everywhere to everywhere, and everyone goes to it for everything. It is the Regent Street of Bath, and, like Regent Street, is on an incline. The right-hand side as you ascend is called the 'shilling side,' and the left the 'half-crown side.'"—"Famous Houses of Bath." By J. F. Meehan.

(Reproduced from an old print very kindly furnished by Mr. J. F. Meehan, of Bath.)



NO. 4, SYDNEY PLACE, BATH.

After great difficulty in choosing a suitable locality in Bath, the Austen family finally fixed upon No. 4, Sydney Place as their residence. Here they lived for a period of about four years. Sydney Place is situated at the further end of Pulteney Street, and is quite close to the Sydney Gardens, which Jane Austen mentions frequently in her letters of this time.

From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by A. F. Perren, Bath.*

to merits, and that, considering Mr. Joachim's familiarity with his subject, it would be presumptuous to be dogmatic.

The objection (pp. 115-119) to the geometrical method of the Ethic might be made plainer. The argument is that geometry supposes space; that from space considered by itself nothing can be deduced, and that deduction follows only from a defined portion of it like a triangle. Spinoza's God answers to space, but (p. 118) "he certainly speaks as if he were 'deducing' all things from God, in the sense in which the geometer deduces its properties from the definition or essential nature of a triangle. And so far as he does so, the God he works with is an abstract God, the creature of an arbitrary selection, constituted by a definition: one part of Reality amongst other parts." Mr. Joachim does not make clear what is this arbitrariness. Wherein is there a selection which answers to the triangle? Whether any deduction is possible from Spinoza's Substance is another matter, which cannot be discussed here; but it does not seem to be proved that the analogy between space and Substance is complete. or that there is nothing given in Thought from which Spinoza's conclusions will not ensue.

It is urged that there is no transition from Spinoza's God to this "variegated universe," to use Dr. Stirling's expression. This is the old stumbling-block. "It is with justice, then," says Schwegler, "that the Substance of Spinoza has been compared to the den of the lion, where there are many steps to, but few from." Philosophy and religion generally are however similarly defective. Christianity makes God a Spirit, and leaves the creation by Spirit of the material world unexplained. Spinoza makes no pretence to explain it. He tells us what he sees, and can do no more. If he could demonstrate how the "variegated universe" issues from God, he would be God, and not man, and it would be necessary for us to be God in order to understand him. Mr. Joachim admits (p. 108) that it is not fair to demand how Substance has taken "articulation," but nevertheless agrees with Hegel and his followers. There never can be a true system of philosophy or theology. A few certainties can be set down, but reconciliation is impossible. The gaps and joints in the structure are clay, which cracks and goes to dust.

The note on *natura naturata* (pp. 119-122) is obscure. Mr. Joachim thinks that *natura naturata* is not the "communis ordo naturæ," but "the whole nature of God in its modal being; *i.e.*, it is God the consequent, God, as a complete *modal* apprehension would conceive him." What, then, are we to understand by the 31st proposition, Part I., that "the actual intellect, whether it be finite or infinite, together with the will, desire, love, etc., must be referred to the *natura naturata*, and not to the *natura naturans*"?

Complaint is made (p. 143) that in the *Ethic* "there is no relation of two; no survival of man over against God, no reconciliation of two independent beings or persons"; to which the answer is that, if there were in the *Ethic* any survival of man *against* God, or any admission of two *independent* beings, it would be neither philosophy nor religion.

There should be a note explaining the use of *objective* and *formal* in Spinoza's day. The meaning of *objective* was then exactly contrary to what it is now. It was that which has been *ob*jected, or the mental representation; and *formal* was what we should now call objective, that which has actuality or form. In the notes on p. 146 "objective" is used first in the older and then in the later sense. "Affectus" would be better translated by "affect," which is authorised by Lord Bacon, although, of course, he did not mean what Spinoza means by it. It is not common now, and no harm, therefore, would be done in appropriating it and modifying the old signification. Kirchmann renders "affectus" by "affekt."

There is not much criticism on the fourth and fifth parts of the *Ethic*—indeed, on the fifth part there is almost none, although to many students of Spinoza the fifth part is the most interesting of all, inasmuch as the last article of his creed—"it is possible for the human mind to be of such a nature that that part of it which we have shown perishes with its body in comparison with the part of it which remains, is of no consequence"—separates the *Ethic* at once from what may be called merely mortal philosophy.

Spinoza's aim was primarily moral, and not metaphysical. It would have been helpful if Mr. Joachim would have enlarged a little on Spinoza's ethical achievement, showing how much he has contributed to the great end he had in view.

CAPTAIN HARVILLE'S HOUSE (BAY COTTAGE), LYME REGIS.

"Captain Harville had taken his present house for half a year; his taste, and his health, and his fortune, all directing him to a residence unexpensive, and by the sea. . . . There were 'rooms so small as none but those who invite from the heart could think capable of accommodating so many.' Anne had a moment's astonishment on the subject herself; but it was soon lost in the pleasanter feelings which sprang from the sight of all the ingenious contrivances and nice arrangements of Captain Harville, to turn the actual space to the best possible account, to supply the deficiencies of lodging-house furniture, and defend the windows and doors against the winter storms to be expected."—"Persuasion."

From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by F. W. Shephard, Lyme Regis.*

If his metaphysic is to be merely an affair of the schools, if it does nothing to relieve the burden of life, the interest in it is not very great.

Mr. Joachim's style would be better if it were a little simpler. His meaning very often does not *break*. Mr. Matthew Arnold has written about Spinoza. Mr. Arnold may not be profound, but he is lucid and he is not lucid because he is shallow. Professed philosophers who have to deal with such abstruse matters should take pains with style, and it would not be amiss if they were examined in a writer like Arnold, and forced to compose essays as nearly as they can after his manner.

Mr. Joachim does not say much about his predecessors. We hear nothing directly of Hegel's criticism, although there is evidence that it has been used. It is to be wished that in a future edition we may learn something more about Tschirnhausen, Spinoza's acutest correspondent and author of the *Medicina Mentis*. Much of the *Medicina* is mathematical, but there is a good deal in it which, if translated, would be generally welcome.

The "Study," to repeat what has been already said, is the best book in English on Spinoza, and must be of the greatest service to every disciple of the immortal thinker. It is a curious sign of the times that it should have come from Oxford and be printed by the Clarendon Press. It would be interesting to know how Oxford manages to contain Anglican ecclesiasticism and an appreciation of the Jew of Amsterdam which does not blacken his portrait and then describe it, after the fashion of the German translation of 1723, as *characterem reprobationis in vultu gerens*.

W. HALE WHITE.

DR. WHYTE'S APPRECIATION OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.*

A more judicious, a more gracious or attractive introduction to the personality and the works of the great Cardinal could not be desired. In these lectures, which are chiefly addressed to those "who know Newman's name only," and in which the object is edification and not at all controversy, one cannot but be struck with the generous enthusiasm with which the author acknowledges what he owes to Newman "of enlargement and enrichment of heart," and the frank courage with which he recognises that our brethren in the Church of Rome have some things to teach us. And yet as much might have been expected from a preacher who has travelled so far in the regions of mystical and practical spirituality, and whose warmth and candour are as characteristic as his insight and earnestness. For all its kindliness Dr. Whyte's appreciation is not lacking in the critical element, and even the magical style of the inimitable Oratorian is unavailing when it comes to a point of doctrine. Dealing, however, with one passage in the "Apologia"—"I was not conscious to myself, on my conversion, of any change, intellectual or moral, wrought in my mind. I was not conscious of firmer faith in the fundamental truths of Revelation, or of more self-command; I had not more fervour; but it was like coming into port after a rough sea"—he insists on an implication which hardly seems to me in keeping with the spirit of the context. "These," writes Dr. Whyte, "are just the things that the Church of Christ exists in all her branches to produce. . . . And if Rome did not do anything at all in these directions for her most docile and most susceptible convert, certainly she has nothing else wherewith to tempt me." Is not saintliness then one and the same in all forms of Christianity; and does the feeling of peace after storm count for so little in the spiritual life? With regard to the selections, those who know Newman's writings may regret the omission of this passage or that, but these hundred pages are in any case characteristic and admirable; and they are followed by a short series of letters from the Cardinal which up to the present have not been published.

WILLIAM CANTON.

* "Newman: An Appreciation in Two Lectures, with the Choicest Passages of his Writings Selected and Arranged." By Alexander Whyte, D.D. 3s. 6d. (Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.)

THE LIFE OF PASTEUR.*

The excellent sketch of the life of Pasteur, published three years ago in the "Century Science Series" by Dr. and Mrs. Frankland, served only to awaken, not to satisfy, the reader's interest in the career of the greatest of modern French men of science.

The present biography, although without a preface or explanatory statement of the conditions under which it has been prepared, seems to have been written by one who has had access to all necessary authorities and original documents, and may be regarded as the official record of Pasteur's life and labours.

Pasteur was not only a man of uncommon energy, originality, and perseverance, but was singularly fortunate in the line of research to which he devoted his life, which happened to be one amazingly fertile in important practical applications. Others had approached near to the discovery of some of these; but it was his merit that he followed the clue afforded by the discovery of the dependence of fermentation on the life-work of an organism, and was led by it into so many new fields in which he was a pioneer.

THE COBB, LYME REGIS.

It is said that when Tennyson visited Lyme his friends were anxious to point out to him the reputed landing-place of the Duke of Monmouth. Tennyson waxed indignant. "Don't talk to me," he said, "of the Duke of Monmouth; show me the place where Louisa Musgrove fell!"

"There was too much wind to make the high part of the new Cobb pleasant for the ladies, and they agreed to get down the steps to the lower, and all were contented to pass quietly and carefully down the steep flight, excepting Louisa; she must be jumped down them by Captain Wentworth. The hardness of the pavement for her feet made him less willing upon the present occasion; he did it, however. She was safely down, and instantly, to show her enjoyment, ran up the steps to be jumped down again. He advised her against it, thought the jar too great; but no, he reasoned and talked in vain. She smiled and said: 'I am determined I will!' He put out his hands; she was too precipitate by half a second; she fell on the pavement, on the Lower Cobb, and was taken up lifeless."—"Persuasion."

From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by F. W. Shephard, Lyme Regis.*

The narrative is readable and interesting, not overburdened with unnecessary details. At the same time, the nature of the epoch-making discoveries made by Pasteur is explained in a lucid and intelligible manner and without undue technicality.

It is, perhaps, only natural that the author should claim as much credit as possible for his hero all round; but the claim of Lord Lister to be the introducer of antiseptic surgery should not have been minimised and practically ignored as

* "The Life of Pasteur." By René Vallery-Radot. Translated from the French by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. 2 Vols. 32s. (Constable.)

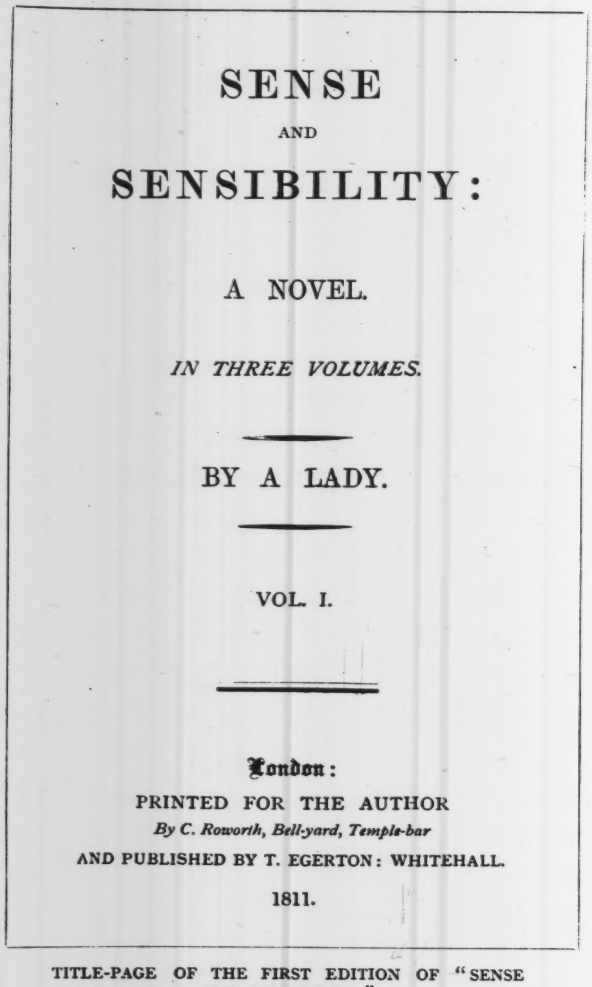
it is in this narrative. Lister owed to Pasteur the discovery that fermentation depended on germs; but the credit of the whole working out of the relation of germs to suppuration, and the whole of the method of antiseptic surgery, belongs to Lister, and to him alone. The account given in chap. i., vol. ii., is accurate only in so far that the author was not aware that the elementary principles, about which the Academy were disputing, had been not only established but applied to practice in Scotland years before. Long before Pasteur had given a hint as to the relation of fermentation to the formation of pus, Lister had been making practical application of his theory of antisepsis. I remember seeing at the Royal Infirmary of Glasgow somewhere in the early sixties a Syme's amputation of the foot by Lister performed with antiseptic precautions. I cannot be sure of the year, but it was before 1866. However, the assumption in this work will not surprise anyone who has much acquaintance with French scientific literature, in which there is a prevailing tendency to give the credit for discoveries to none but French authors.

The German press, recently so incensed with Mr. Chamberlain, might read with advantage the account given of the conduct of the Prussians at Arbois during the war of 1870. The stories as told here are probably highly coloured by the vivid imagination of those by whom they have been successively related · but, if true, they certainly exceed in barbarity even the liveliest invention of the Continental pro-Boer gutter press.

Pasteur stands out in one respect as a noble contrast to most of his scientific fellow-countrymen, in that he held to his religious faith unfalteringly all through his life. In the many domestic sorrows of his life he was sustained by his fervent and living trust in the goodness of divine omnipotence, and he experienced no difficulty in holding fast both his scientific and his religious faith.

The work is excellently translated, and the translator has added some useful footnotes explanatory of the technical terms used in French academic and educational institutions. One additional recommendation of the book is that, although large, it is singularly light and easily held in the hand. It is also well and accurately printed.

ALEX. MACALISTER.



SENSE

AND

SENSIBILITY:

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY A LADY.

VOL. I.

London:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR

By C. Roworth, Bell-yard, Temple-bar

AND PUBLISHED BY T. EGERTON: WHITEHALL.

1811.

TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST EDITION OF "SENSE AND SENSIBILITY."

"Of Jane Austen's completed novels 'Sense and Sensibility' was the first to appear in book form. Its adventurous putter-forth was Mr. T. Egerton, of the 'Military Library,' Whitehall, who paid the author £150; a sum which, to her modest ambitions, seemed 'a prodigious recompense for that which had cost her nothing.' She spent the first year of her residence at Chawton in revising the work for the press, and it came out in 1811."—Austin Dobson. Introduction to "Pride and Prejudice."

PATRICK WALKER.*

What would be the feelings of Patrick Walker, late of the Bristo-Port, opposite to the Society-Gate, Edinburgh, were he permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon and behold his cheap grey pamphlets reprinted on handsome rag-paper and sold at twenty-five shillings net, I will not pretend to guess. But I can guess very well what would be his indignation to hear that a copy had gone for review to a critic in whose eyes his fiercely-beloved Covenanters were but figures of romance, and whose first concern with his passionate writing was to discover how far it helped a dilettante novelist to tell a pack of lies. I have my answer ready, to be sure. Respectable persons have read Pindar before now for the sake of his particles—

> "So, with the throttling hands of death at strife,
> Ground they at grammar.

Nevertheless, if the ghost of umquhill Patrick Walker of the Bristo-Port, packman, be at all like Mr. Crockett's portrait, I prefer to meet the cold fury of his eye with Mr. Crockett's broad body for target; and therefore I say (1) that if my curiosity be trivial, it was Mr. Crockett who suggested it; and (2) that I started with an interest in Stevenson's style and ended with an interest in Walker's.

Stevenson seems to have convinced himself that he owed a deal to Patrick Walker. So he did—and a deal to Robert Fergusson and a score of highly various Scotsmen. Heaven knows whence a man born to be an imaginative writer will collect the elements of his style; but I will humbly add that when once he has fused them and tempered them into a weapon for his own hand, there is no more barren folly in criticism than the delusion that these elements can be separated again and labelled. At any rate, I distrust the attempt no less profoundly than I distrust attempts to resolve English poetry into separate elements, Celtic and Teutonic; and the admirably scientific air with which these experiments are nowadays conducted scarcely consoles me for a most unscientific lack of precision in the evidence offered and in the tests to which it is subjected. I do not impute a like folly to Mr. Crockett, who merely says, "I have always thought that a great deal of the incision and directness of the late Mr. Stevenson's style in narration could be traced to his familiarity with Patrick Walker's account of the death of John Brown." To be sure it is a noble page of prose, and clings in the mind of many who first made acquaintance with it in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*: doubtless, too, its extraordinary vividness arrested Stevenson when he first came upon it in Walker's pamphlet. But to credit so much as Mr. Crockett credits to a single passage of prose is, in my opinion, to ignore the delicate complexity of the human brain. Stevenson, however, when taxed with it, smilingly admitted the debt. "I have been accustomed," he wrote, "to hear refined and intelligent critics—those who know so much better than we do ourselves—trace down my literary descent from all sorts of people, including Addison, of whom I could never read a word. Well, laigh i' your lug, sir—the clue was found. My style is from the Covenanting writers." What are we to say to this, his own testimony?

* "Six Saints of the Covenant: Peden, Semple, Welwood, Cameron, Cargill, Smith." By Patrick Walker. Edited, with Illustrative Documents, Notes, and a Glossary, by D. Hay Fleming, and a Foreword by S. R. Crockett. Two vols. 25s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Well, I for one say *Credat Judaeus Apella, non ego;* for in Stevenson's own books and in these two volumes I have the means to test the claim in the crucial instance of Patrick Walker. Let anyone having the same means choose at hazard, but read aloud and with deliberation, twelve pages of Walker and twelve of Stevenson, page for page alternately, and I make bold to say that though he may detect a borrowed trick or two he will also detect in Stevenson's prose little or none of that rolling cadence which is the essential secret of Walker's. Stevenson had a notion that as a prose-writer he was given to unconscious rhyming. "Take a particular case—the fondness for rhymes. I don't know of any English prose-writer who rhymes except by accident, and then a stone had better be tied around his neck and himself cast into the sea. But my Covenanting buckies rhyme all the time." "Rhyme all the time" is rhyme, no doubt; but even if this habit be proved upon Walker, his rhymes are trivial in comparison with his cadence, which is constant, the music in the bones of the man and the very marrow of his style. Take for an extreme instance the effect produced in him by the one word "blood." In his youth, in the "Killing Time," he had "seen blood," as we say—the blood of many martyrs, and to the end the mere mention of its name plucks at all the strings within him, and sets them twanging wildly—

"The wicked, cursed of God and hated of all right-thinking men Bonshaw got not his reward of six thousand marks till the next year in May, the price of innocent blood, precious blood, dear blood, blood that cries both loud and long. How shall or can the tyranny of shedding innocent blood, and defections of all ranks in those days, be forgot?"

But Walker's peculiar cadence is constant, and only a little less noticeable in passages of pure narrative—

"When they came to the Tolbooth, they halted until the magistrates came to receive them. John Nisbet, Bishop Paterson of Glasgow's factor, looking over the stair, out of his great wickedness merrily said: 'Mr. Cargill' (three times over in sport), 'in effect will you not give us one word more?' This he said because Mr. Cargill in publick sometimes said: 'In effect we will say one word more,' or, 'I have one word more to say.' Mr. Cargill looked to him, and with much concernedness said: 'Wicked poor man, why do you mock? Ere you die you will desire one word and will not get it.' Shortly thereafter he was struck dumb, his tongue swelling in his mouth. Robert Goodwin and John Hodge, two Glasgow men, who were witnesses to this and went to visit him lying in that case, told me this when in prison, in the years 1684 and '85, in the Canongate and Edinburgh. Robert Goodwin desired him to write what stopt him from speaking, and if he had a great desire to speak. He wrote: 'That it was a just judgment from the Lord, and the sayings of the minister verified upon him, for his mocking of him; and, if he had the whole world he would give it for the use of his tongue again.' But that he never got."

CHAWTON VILLAGE.

"The village of Chawton lies in a specially beautiful part of Hampshire, about five miles from Gilbert White's own Selborne, and, like it, famed for its hop-fields and its graceful 'hangers,' while within easy reach is the cheerful little town of Alton."—"Jane Austen: Her Homes and Her Friends." By Constance Hill.

From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by George Frost, Alton.*

ELINOR AND LUCY.

(From a drawing by Pickering in the 'Steventon Edition" of Jane Austen's novels, issued by Messrs. Richard Bentley and Son.)

"Lucy was silent.

"Elinor's security sunk; but her self-command did not sink with it.

"'Four years you have been engaged,' said she, with a firm voice.

"'Yes; and Heaven knows how much longer we may have to wait. Poor Edward! it puts him quite out of heart.' Then taking a small miniature from her pocket, she added: 'To prevent the possibility of mistake, be so good as to look at this face. It does not do him justice, to be sure; but yet I think you cannot be deceived as to the person it was drew for. I have had it above these three years.'

"She put it into her hands as she spoke, and when Elinor saw the painting, whatever other doubts her fear of a too hasty decision or her wish of detecting falsehood might suffer to linger in her mind, she could have none of its being Edward's face."

(Reproduced from "Sense and Sensibility," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.)

Stevenson was master of a hundred graces in writing, and could even command cadence, as the conclusion of "El Dorado"—to name one among a score of passages—sufficiently proves. But his cadences are occasional, not constant; his writing appeals rather to the eye than to the ear—or let me say that it appeals rather *through* the eye, and touches rapidly one after another the quick centres in the reader's brain. It has not that sustained musical undertone which makes great prose of Walker's sentences, though they run to a page in length with never a finite verb. If fathering has to be done, I would a deal more confidently trace down the *Life of Peden* or the *Vindication of Cameron's Name* from the prophet who sang the burden of Babylon than Stevenson's prose from Patrick Walker's. And I do not forget *The Pentland Rising.*

Walker's is great prose, and we will not part from it without taking note of its rare dry humour, of which a passage or two may serve for samples:—

(1) "I well remember that at our publick distributions singular James Wilson frequently said: 'Let us not forget Willie M'Neillie's son, there is something in him, I know not whether he will do good or ill with it'; which remains a question to this day, all things considered."—"Life of Peden." Vol. I., p. 148.

(2) "Some of them [the Gibbites] going to Pentland-hills with a resolution to sit there to see the smoke and utter ruin of the sinful bloody city Edinburgh; but, if they had fulfilled their resolution, they would have been sadly weather-beaten these forty-eight years. . . ."—"Cargill's Life." Vol. II., p. 19.

(3) "After Mr. Cargill left the Under-bankwood, he preached at Loudoun-hill upon a week-day, the 5th of May. Historian Woodrow says that it was a fast-day; but it was not an appointed fast, however some of them might be obliged to fast."—Ibid., p. 35.

I have not enough history to be able to discuss Mr. Hay Fleming's notes. I think they are learned: I know that they are eminently readable.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

UNOFFICIAL DESPATCHES.*

Please, why do they always reprint the War Correspondence? They never reprint the Fashionable Weddings,

* "Unofficial Despatches." By Edgar Wallace. 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)

or the Police Reports or the daily Fires and Suicides. Surely those who like it only want it hot and hot. Is it that the taste grows by what it feeds on for the style—that curious farrago of Ruskin and Kipling, of Napier and Mark Twain, blended with less pleasing modernisms? Clever it is without doubt, but perhaps even the Man in the Street would prefer something less ambitious.

I will not say in which of the Epistles from the Front I found the following suggestive passage:—

"In cautious silence we crept through the gloom of the Darkest of Continents, the twice six hundred hooves of Atkins thundering like pompoms on the frozen veldt, hidebound as the ignorance of the late W. S.—for Tommy "was a-cold." A gibbous moon greened and silvered the three-foot-deep slush with a loving opalescence, and overhead the Southern Cross, "with a twinkle in its eye," beamed Christian approval on our murderous errand. Ding! dong!—and brave hearts stop short as the *campana lontana* wails from a hundred kopjes. Boom! A long Tom, by Jove. No! only a short Tom smothering a curse. Forward again! Piff! paff! The Mausers at last!—and brave teeth chatter, etc. Bah! 'tis but another button started by our gallant and obese D.A.Q.M.—gone, lost, buried—perchance an Eon hence to be prospected with short-lived glee by some Beit or Barnato. (I omit a page more of opalescence, atmospheric effects, sound effects, onomatopoetic words, and professional initials.)

The C.I.C. still leaned heavily on my arm. "Cheer up, Kitch!" I said, "and I'll tell you a story that used to please old Bobby." (How these familiarities always tell!) "It was after that brush at Jabbersfontein. We had crossed Liar's Nek, etc." (the usual riot of dorps and spruits—from the map). "With us were the Brave Bermondseys and Tompkin's Kids, and" (the usual copious and complimentary extracts from the Army List). "Well, just then I was bowled over by liver—old Mac called it Glenlivat—so had to fall back on young Smith of the Dumbshires. A grand corps, that, sir!"

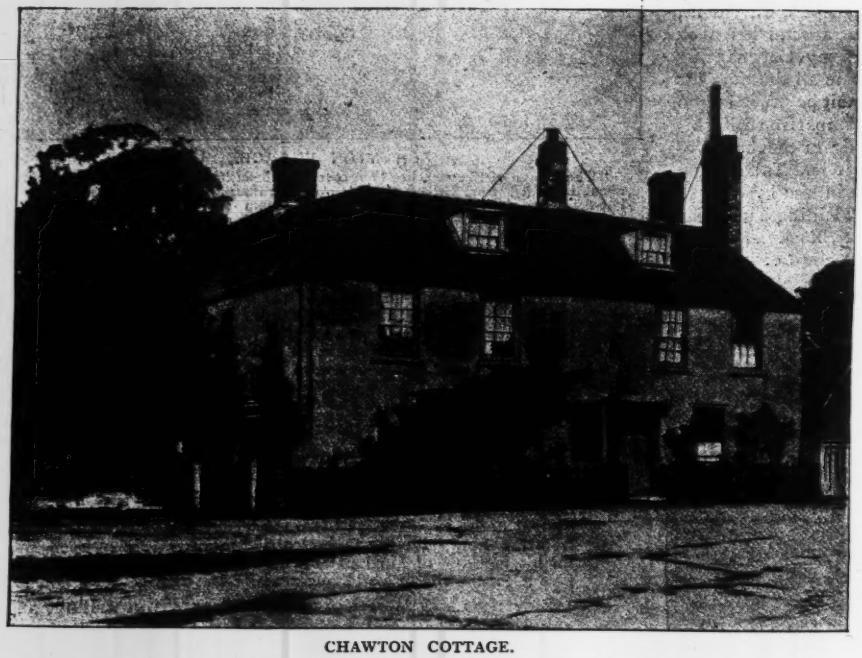
"It *was*," growled the C.I.C.—and a silence fell on us, such as falls on brave men when they are fumbling for their hats after the blessing. * * * *" (Asterisks to mark time for emotion.)

"Well," I resumed, wiping away a manly something—was it only rain? "I knew poor Freddy's style was about as up-to-date as Dr. Johnson's, for he never read anything but his Bible and the *Life*, and had only corresponded with his mother; so I told him to do his best, and then bring it for me to polish up, and stick in the plums. However, as, it seems, he could not wake me, the young fool posted his rubbish as it was. Guess the row when it got to the shop!—I heard about it afterwards—the editor raving, and nobody there descriptive enough to alter it but our Crime Investigator, and he just called to the bar, and no knowing when, or how, he would be back! So in it had to go.

"But, strange to say, somehow it took. Fact is, Freddy had written down to the brutes; and they said, This is modest—this is plain—this is straightforward—this is *genius!* It revived their smouldering bellicosity, and red-corpuscled the dubious ichor in the veins of the veriest Pro-Boer. Once more the early trains were clamorous with the Wellingtons of Mincing Lane and the Wolfes (or, to be more grammatical, the Wolves) of Throgmorton Street, waving last year's Mafeking flags and our morning's issue." (Here followed some noble, if familiar description.)

"Next day a cable. To give me the sack? No—merely '*Scored—more—same.*' So I just laid up, and stuck close to the Galloping Ambulance, and gave Freddy a free hand. But, of course, the game couldn't last. Old Dives got to hear of it, and put his foot down. '*This* paper,' he said, 'is *run* by a gen'leman, anyhow. Money is no hobjeck. My aim is to raise the Classes to the level of the Masses, and my lever, Sir, is real, tiptop, swell langwidge. So, Mr. Editor, no more of this low fusschin!' It made poor Freddy a bit sore!"

I paused. The hero started, and said, 'Yes, their backs *do* get sore; but, in spite of all you have been saying, I still think the Walers answer best for saddle work'—and a silence fell. . . *(Da capo.)*



CHAWTON COTTAGE.

Chawton may be called the second, as well as the last home of Jane Austen.

"A good-sized entrance and two sitting-rooms made the length of the house, all intended originally to look upon the road; but the large drawing-room window wa blocked up and turned into a book-case, and another opened at the side which gave to view only turf and trees, as a high wooden fence and hornbeam hedge shut out the Winchester road, which skirted the whole length of the little domain. Trees were planted each side to form a shrubbery walk, carried round the enclosure, which gave a sufficient space for ladies' exercise. There was a pleasant, irregular mixture of hedgerow, and gravel walk, and orchard, and long grass for mowing, arising from two or three little enclosures having been thrown together."—"A Memoir of Jane Austen." By J. E. Austen Leigh.

From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by George Frost, Alton.*

All very fine; but was it true? Well, it might have been; and a S.W.C. needs no more *pour faire son petit effet.*

Of Mr. Wallace's letters little need be said. He has had the advantage of serving many years in the ranks, where much sense must be knocked into a man, and more nonsense knocked out. Therefore, whenever, having nothing much to write about, he tries, as in duty bound, to console the Mutes for the loss of the late Mr. Steevens, his opalescence and dramatics seem to be conscientious and uncongenial mannerisms, which hardly displease. But from this cause many of the earlier papers especially are interesting mainly as meritorious exercises in bad art. On the other hand, as might be expected, this experienced soldier offers us numerous passages and several whole letters of serious value, which I wish he had collected in one long, final chapter. Unfortunately this is not the place to discuss these points of political and military controversy. Enough that he has taken pains to form his views and urges them with candour, ability and propriety. It may be that soldiers and other plain men knew it all in 1895 and in 1881, nay even from their schooldays, when they first tried to rationalise that *ultima ratio* which is beyond reason. But we have chosen to forget.

Y. Y.

"D'RI" AND LUSCIOUS.*

I have not read Mr. Irving Bacheller's "Eben Holden"—a novel which, I gather, has achieved a vast sale in America; so let me hope that the qualities which made "Eben Holden" popular are not those which I find most conspicuous in "D'ri and I," the art of which is only less cheap than its manners.

The hero describes himself explicitly as an amazingly brave fellow and accomplished fighter; implicitly as an almost incredible cad. Finding himself a guest for a night in a country house, he played eavesdropper upon the talk of two young ladies discussing him beneath his bedroom window, and complacently reports that one described him as "a young and handsome man." "My dear sister," she went on, "don't you ever long for the love of a man—a big, handsome, hearty fellow who could take you up in his arms and

* "D'ri and I. A Tale of Daring Deeds in the Second War with the British. Being the Memoirs of Colonel Ramon Bell, U.S.A." By Irving Bacheller, Author of "Eben Holden." 6s. (Grant Richards.)

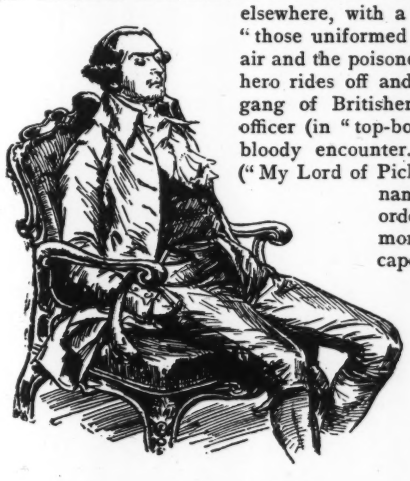
CHAWTON HOUSE.

"The windows at the back of the mansion overlook rising lawns dotted about with gay flower borders. At the top of the ascent there is a large old-fashioned kitchen garden, where fruit-trees, vegetables, and flowers consort happily together, and where a turf walk, flanked by hedges of dahlias, sunflowers, and white Japanese anemones, with a sun-dial in its centre, leads up to a yew arbour."—"Jane Austen: Her Homes and Her Friends." By Constance Hill.

From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by George Frost, Alton.*

squeeze the life out of you?" This was Louison; her sister was Louise: and they were French, and proved it by interlarding their conversation with "eh bien?" and "ciel!" and "ici"—which last is French for "here." Mr. Bacheller's hero fell characteristically in love with both, and paid court to both in the richest style of ill-breeding. Also he pried without scruple into letters written by Louison and not addressed to him. In the end this incredible person reduced (to use his own language) his love-experience to its simplest terms. Louison was "a physical type," Louise "a spiritual." So—after a scene which needs chromo-lithography to do its sentiment justice—he chose the spiritual. "What a lucky and remarkable young man!" commented his commanding officer, at one point. "I declare you should have lived in the Middle Ages." It would have been better.

These sisters had a guardian, the Baroness de Ferré, who owned several clocks. "There was one her grandfather had got from the land of Louis XIV., *le grand monarque.*" She had a fad, too, for collecting and studying wasps—*vespae*, as Mr. Bacheller calls them in a sudden access of latinity, or elsewhere, with a literary touch, "those uniformed soldiers of the air and the poisoned arrow." The hero rides off and falls among a gang of Britishers, with whose officer (in "top-boots") he has a bloody encounter. This officer ("My Lord of Pickford," and so named in general orders) he wounds mortally, and escapes, wounded himself, back to the château, where the young ladies pick him up and nurse him. Returning from a convalescent walk, "I came suddenly upon—Louison! She was neatly gowned in pink and white."



MR. PALMER.

From a drawing by Chris Hammond.

"It was impossible for anyone to be more thoroughly good-natured or more determined to be happy than Mrs. Palmer. The studied indifference, insolence, and discontent of her husband gave her no pain, and when he scolded or abused her, she was highly diverted.

"'Mr. Palmer is so droll!' said she, in a whisper, to Elinor. 'He is always out of humour.'

"Elinor was not inclined, after a little observation, to give him credit for being so genuinely and unaffectedly ill-natured or ill-bred as he wished to appear. His temper might perhaps be a little soured by finding, like many others of his sex, that through some unaccountable bias in favour of beauty, he was the husband of a very silly woman—but she knew that this kind of blunder was too common for any sensible man to be lastingly hurt by it."

(Reproduced from "Sense and Sensibility," by kind permission of Mr. George Allen.)

And so on. The story is naught: a string of absurd adventures, not perhaps sillier, but certainly no whit more considerable than those with which Mr. Brett of Fleet Street used to regale his Boys of England. Mr. Brett's young heroes were wont to scatter their enemies by means of hose-pipes, wasps'-nests, and the rest of the schoolboy apparatus here furbished up anew by Mr. Bacheller. They had, indeed, the advantage of Mr. Bacheller's hero in point of manners. They neither eavesdropped (as I remember) nor read letters which did not belong to them; nor did they "my lord" an English peer with Mr. Bacheller's distressing unction. But at their worst they may have been capable of this kind of fatuity:

PARLOUR IN CHAWTON COTTAGE SHOWING JANE AUSTEN'S DESK.

"She had no separate study to retire to, and most of the work must have been done in the general sitting-room, subject to all kinds of casual interruptions. She was careful that her occupation should not be suspected by servants, or visitors, or any persons beyond her own family party. She wrote upon small sheets of paper, which could easily be put away, or covered with a piece of blotting-paper. In that well-occupied female party there must have been many precious hours of silence, during which the pen was busy at the little mahogany writing-desk, while Fanny Price, or Emma Woodhouse, or Anne Elliott was growing into beauty and interest."—"A Memoir of Jane Austen." By J. E. Austen Leigh.

(Reproduced from "Jane Austen: Her Homes and Her Friends." By Constance Hill. By kind permission of Mr. John Lane.)

"I do not wish to question your honour," said the General, "or violate in any way this atmosphere of fine courtesy; but, sir, I do not know you."

"Permit me to introduce myself," said the Englishman, as he ripped his coat-lining and drew out a folded sheet of purple parchment. "I am Lord Ronley, fifth Earl of Pickford, and cousin of His Most Excellent Majesty the King of England: there is the proof . . ."

"It is enough," said the other. "I am glad to know you."

So am I. But why, amid so much information, did the fifth Earl of Pickford omit his telegraphic address? It should have been "Vans, Pimlico."

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

WOLSEY AS A REFORMER.*

An estimate of Cardinal Wolsey as a churchman has not been made by historians, more intent on dealing with the home and foreign policy of one whom Leo X. called King Henry's master. In the present readable and very fresh volume, such a reckoning is attempted, with extracts from documents and observations on the condition at that period of the Roman Curia. So far as the evidence is concerned, no one will say that any part has been suppressed or deliberately overlooked. The judgment arrived at strikes one as paradoxical and not easy to maintain. Wolsey, perhaps the most magnificent prelate of his age, was a courtier, a pluralist in every direction, who made himself Cardinal and Legate in spite of the Pope by the King's determined action at Rome; nor will his private character bear a strong light upon it. All this, in one way or other, Mr. Taunton allows—even on the last point he feels that no good defence can be set up against the facts alleged. That such a man, great in secular affairs and utterly given to them, should have serious thoughts of reforming the clergy, is improbable. On the other hand, his Legatine commission bore that pretext. And benevolent writers have seen in his dealings with the monastic orders, with Oxford, and with the interests of learning generally, a desire to stem the torrent of approaching revolution. Many particulars, touching the splendid Cardinal College, now Christ Church, and that of Ipswich, projected but not carried out, are accessible here and worth noting. On the King's interminable matter of the Divorce, Mr. Taunton brings forward Wolsey as judging it by the fine points of Canon Law, eluding Henry's doubts on the Papal power of dispensation, and satisfied to strike flaws in the actual documents issued. He quotes Wolsey's language and inclines to make it his own. Perhaps the most satisfying chapter is the last but one, in which, coming near the pictorial drama of Shakespeare and Fletcher, he shows us the Cardinal as a fallen man, stripped of wealth and power, yet still exerting his old influence on those about him, repentant if not forgetful of the world's vanities. There is something in the book as a whole which repels our assent; nor can we fancy the writer himself quite convinced of his brief, though he expounds it eloquently. But he has added to the masterly monograph of Brewer; and if we do not agree we can follow up his references. At all events, Wolsey cherished large designs of intellectual restoration among churchmen; but this was a feature of the time. WILLIAM BARRY.

ELINOR AND WILLOUGHBY.

From a coloured illustration by C. E. Brock.

"They entered a room splendidly lit up, quite full of company, and insufferably hot. After some time spent in saying little and doing less, Lady Middleton sat down to casino, and as Marianne was not in spirits for moving about, she and Elinor, luckily succeeding to chairs, placed themselves at no great distance from the table.

"They had not remained in this manner long, before Elinor perceived Willoughby, standing within a few yards of them, in earnest conversation with a very fashionable-looking woman. She soon caught his eye, and he immediately bowed, but without attempting to speak to her, or to approach Marianne, though he could not but see her, and then continued his discourse with the same lady."

(Reproduced from "Sense and Sensibility," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

* "Thomas Wolsey, Legate and Reformer." By Ethelred L. Taunton. 15s. net. (Lane.)

A NEW MAETERLINCK.*

If M. Maeterlinck is in the future to be a dramatist of what is known as "actual life," even a writer of problem plays, the prospect is interesting. The volume before us is no proof of anything of the kind; but it may be that it shows him in a transition stage, for in it he is not quite his old self. It may to some readers seem a good sign that in "Sister Beatrice" he plays less on the nerves and more on the emotions; but then his play is very uncertain; and as a drama meant distinctly for the stage—the translator tells us that M. Gilkas is writing music for it—it is singularly clumsy. We should never see how a miracle is done, only be convinced it has happened. But when we say that the play in question is a version of the well-known and beautiful legend of the nun who loved and fled her convent, and because she loved well the Virgin took her place, fulfilled her duties, and kept her name fair, it will be understood that M. Maeterlinck has chosen a difficult subject for drama. He has shirked none of the difficulties—nor has he solved them. Facing the scene we should certainly be incredulous, and reading the play we feel Mr. John Davidson chose the wiser part in treating the subject lyrically in his "Ballad of a Nun."

But "Ardiane and Barbe Bleu" is not only a better play, but a far more interesting experiment. We find here our old Maeterlinck, and in one scene at least, at his best; but allied with a strange companion—with a satirist. We cannot hope to explain how this curious alliance does not end in complete failure—can only assert that the result is a success. Indeed, the one fault we have to find with the play is the profuse expenditure of limelight it will demand. Our old friend Blue Beard having made five wives disappear—Selysette, Melisande, Ygraine, Bellangere, Alladine—has wooed the sixth, Ardiane, who comes home at the opening of the first act. With all the curiosity of her predecessors, she has a great deal more audacity—and believing the other princesses are not dead, she wins to them by dint of

* "Sister Beatrice and Ardiane and Barbe Bleue." Translated into English Verse from the Manuscript of Maurice Maeterlinck. By Bernard Miall. 3s. 6d. net. (G. Allen.)

ANOTHER VIEW OF CHAWTON HOUSE.

The residence of Mr. Edward Knight (*né* Austen) in Hampshire.

"The 'Great House' and the cottage lie within a few hundred yards of each other, the gates of the park opening upon the Gosport road. The house, a fine old Elizabethan mansion, with its Tudor porch, and its heavy mullioned windows, may be seen by the passer-by, standing on rising ground, while a little below it, in a gentle hollow, lies the old church of Chawton—a small grey stone edifice embowered in trees."—"Jane Austen: Her Homes and Her Friends." By Constance Hill.

From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by George Frost, Alton.*

courage and cleverness, threading her way through pantomime halls flashing with sapphires and emeralds, and rubies and diamonds, till she reaches the black darkness where they dwell. They have cried for release, but they are terribly afraid when they see it coming, and Ardiane, giving a hint of the dénouement, says:—

> My poor sisters!
> Why, if you love your darkness, do you seek
> Deliverance from any quarter? Why,
> If you were happy, did you use to weep?

As she delivers them the light strikes and dashes on them painfully.

"They are mad with fury, the dazzling beams!" Then follows an exquisite and completely Maeterlinckian scene of their all running into the open world, of their discovering its beauty, but also discovering each other's faces—their paleness, their transparency. In Act III. we find them lonely and desolate in their freedom, and when Fate, in the shape of indignant peasants, makes Barbe Blue helpless, and gives him into their power, they elect to remain to nurse him back to the strength which will consign them and others to the dungeons again! And Ardiane, their deliverer in vain, goes off alone to freedom. It is satire—but satire with kindly pathos in it.

Mr. Miall has written an almost too careful and apologetic preface, and has translated the two plays—so far as we can judge, without seeing the originals—very creditably, sometimes, we are certain, losing none of the charm. Only an eccentricity like, "That is ere all our duty," jars on us now and then. A. MACDONELL.

Novel Notes.

SONS OF THE SWORD. By Margaret L. Woods. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Napoleon does not make a very heroic figure in "Sons of the Sword." He is in Spain following the retreating army of Sir John Moore towards Corunna, and during a pause at Madrid, sends for Elisa Carmona, a prima donna with whom he has an intrigue, to come from Paris with her company of players. In the company is Seraphine (otherwise Miss Dillon), a young Irish lady who was not allowed to leave France after war with England was commenced, and, being alone, was glad of the protection of Elisa Carmona, with whose family she had previously been intimate. At Madrid, Napoleon makes certain proposals to her which she rejects, and in his wrath he denounces her as a spy, and sending her away as a prisoner unconsciously assists her in escaping and joining Moore's forces. Her escape, and recapture, the peril in which she unintentionally places the French officer who loves her; all the vicissitudes and adventures she has to go through, make up a stirring and very exciting narrative. The writing is vigorous and vivid; the descriptions of Moore's army retreating by slushy, endless roads through a blinding snowstorm, and of Napoleon's regiments struggling through the same storm up into freezing mountain fastnesses, are finely realised.

THE USURPER. By William J. Locke. 6s. (John Lane.)

Mr. Locke's new book will be read with unflagging interest. The plot is fresh and ingenious, and it is worked out with a simple directness of style, a resourcefulness of detail, and a fine idealism which give "The Usurper" an air of distinction that is uncommon enough at the present moment. From the outset one likes Jasper Vellacot, the plain-living and high-thinking millionaire; but it required no little delicacy and firmness of touch to preserve the reader's sympathy and faith in spite of the fact that, a penniless and starving wanderer, he owed his name and fortune to title-deeds stolen from a dead man's pocket. "From that hour the touch of Jasper Vellacot was as that of King Midas. Under it all things turned to gold." As might have been anticipated, the dead man is not dead. Jasper sees his face in a passing train, and though he vainly makes every effort to find him, he begins to feel that the wealth which is another's is lying like a curse upon his soul. Eventually the man does turn up in the person of a wretched "dead-beat" from San Francisco, who fails to recognise Jasper, and who has no recollection of the name of Vellacot. Here comes the moral crux. Jasper has always regarded himself as the steward of his wealth. Thousands unknown are now dependent on his philanthropy. Has he the right in these circumstances to jeopardise their existence by making a spontaneous restitution to a drunken wastrel? The reader must discover for himself Jasper's decision, and what came of it. Alongside the main theme runs the tragic love-story of the poet, Bunny Tredgold, but there are ample opportunities for gaiety and lightness, and the book, it is pleasant to know, closes with sunshine on the clouds.

SPINDLE AND PLOUGH. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 6s. (Heinemann.)

This is an able and a very depressing book. Perhaps it is innocent of a purpose, but we can't help thinking that if

MR. CRAWFORD AND FANNY OPEN THE BALL.

From a drawing by Hugh Thomson.

"Mr. Crawford was not far off; Sir Thomas brought him to her, saying something which discovered to Fanny that *she* was to lead the way and open the ball, an idea that had never occurred to her before. She found herself the next moment conducted by Mr. Crawford to the top of the room, and standing there to be joined by the rest of the dancers, couple after couple, as they were formed."

(Reproduced from "Mansfield Park," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.)

it is meant to throw very cold water on young women who take up "careers" and to give them a permanent chill, which can only be cured by marriage, it is eminently successful. It starts cheerfully enough with the appointment of Miss Shalisha Pilgrim as a landscape gardener at Bramble Tye. Gardening is a wholesome, cheerful occupation, and when we are given to understand she is an enthusiastic digger and sworn to celibacy, we foresee a healthy complacent existence in front of her. Her story is going to be the pæan of the contented old maid. And it turns out just the reverse! She snaps and snarls at her own chances of marriage, yet is evidently ashamed of her single condition; tyrannises over her silly mother, who is of the breed only tolerably happy when tied to something male, till her connections, elderly as well as youthful, all take refuge in matrimony. Then sinks into a sad and slovenly middle age before her time—till a

rejected lover, who had once offered her a fortune, comes back in rags, and she accepts him for a husband, and apparently lives happily ever after in rustic prosperity. The personages are described with marked ability. There is wit, there is even humour in the book, which is vigorously written throughout. But when all the personages save two are fools, and of the two exceptions, one is a boor and the other an aggressive, if high-minded, slattern, depression must ere the end settle heavy on even an admiring reader's mind.

THE REDEMPTION OF NEIL MACLEAN. By David Lyall. 6s. (Hodder.)

There is a quiet tenderness and charm about the novels of David Lyall that it is difficult to define. He does not attempt to enthrall his readers with intricacies or ingenuities of plot or artificial coruscations of dialogue, but relies almost solely on winning their sympathy for the people of his story, and so interesting them; and in this endeavour he has, so far, invariably succeeded. "The Redemption of Neil Maclean" is not dominated by any very strong love element; it is simply a natural and moving narrative of the rebellion of Neil Maclean against the rigid religious observances of his father, the parish minister; of his passing to Edinburgh, where in the household of Hamish Macgregor he wins the heart of Mona: under Hamish's influence, his latent artistic genius develops, and it is presently arranged that he shall go to London to study in the Academy schools; but the temptations of his new life there prove stronger than his love of art, and bring about his ruin. Gartly and Beecham, his fellow-students, are admirably drawn and differentiated, and the relation of how Neil is brought to repentance and ultimate redemption is charged with that unaffected pathos and sympathetic insight that are David Lyall's especial gifts. Certainly no lover of Mr. Lyall's books should miss this one, for it is worthy to rank with the best he has done.

THE HALL IN GODMERSHAM HOUSE.

"Godmersham Park, in Kent, where her brother Edward and his family lived, was almost a second home to Miss Jane Austen, as well as to her sister Cassandra. A great square hall occupies the centre of the mansion, rich in carved doorways, which are flanked by white pilasters and surmounted by pediments. Writing from Godmersham to her sister in 1813, Jane describes the arrival of her sailor brother, Charles, accompanied by his wife and their two children, and tells how they were met and welcomed in this hall."

(Reproduced from "Jane Austen: Her Homes and Her Friends." By Constance Hill. By kind permission of Mr. John Lane.)

THE PLACE OF DREAMS. Four Stories. By the Rev. William Barry, D.D. 3s. 6d. (Sands and Co.)

Apart from their imaginative power and the beauty of their literary form, these four stories, for which Dr. Barry has found a piquant title in one of the Upanishads, possess a peculiar and unusual interest. We know how the Catholic intellect shaped and coloured the myths, fairy tales, and hero legends of the Middle Ages; but it is not often that we have the opportunity of observing the artistic methods and the spiritual intention with which similar material may be handled at the present day, and in our own language. This peculiarity of the book is hardly likely to escape the attention of the most casual reader. Two of the stories—"The House of Shadows" and "The Mystery of Drerewater"—are as grim and weird in their way as the strangest of Turgenev's "Dream Tales," but they introduce a startlingly fresh element—the power of the exorcist, which, however rarely it may be referred to in thought or conversation, is still imparted to the priest in the sacrament of Ordination. "Lost Artie" is a sweet and tender story, which seems to us to be marred by a miraculous interposition; and "St. Anthony's Flask" is, as Dr. Barry points out, "a sort of *fantasia*" played on certain episodes in one of Hoffmann's fantastic romances, and a very marvellous and absorbing *fantasia* he has made it.

MR. KNIGHTLEY AND EMMA.

From a drawing by Chris Hammond.

"Mr. Knightley was to dine with them. . . . Emma's sense of right had decided it. It was time to appear to forget that they had ever quarrelled, and she hoped it might rather assist the restoration of friendship, that when he came into the room she had one of the children with her. It did assist, for though he began with grave looks and short questions, he was soon led on to talk of them all in the usual way, and to take the child out of her arms with all the unceremoniousness of perfect amity."

(Reproduced from "Emma," by kind permission of Mr. George Allen.)

The Bookman's Table.

THE CHURCH AND THE NATION: CHARGES AND ADDRESSES. By Mandell Creighton, D.D., etc., etc. Edited by Louise Creighton. 5s. net. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

A volume commemorative of the Episcopate of so distinguished an Ecclesiastic as Dr. Creighton was to be

THE HOUSE IN COLLEGE STREET, WINCHESTER, IN WHICH JANE AUSTEN DIED ON FRIDAY, JULY 18TH, 1817.

In May, 1817, Jane Austen was persuaded to remove to Winchester, for the sake of medical advice. She and her sister Cassandra took lodgings in a corner house in College Street, and their rooms overlooked the College gardens belonging to Dr. Gabell.

From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by W. T. Green, Winchester.*

expected. Perhaps the public may have looked for something more directly in the line of his historical studies. But in the present collection of Charges and Addresses we have the relations of the Church to the State and to Society, to education and various laws, treated with a wisdom and knowledge which are the ripe fruit of those studies. Men of research and learning will surely in course of time learn to deny themselves the dignity and influence of the bishopric, and retain the leisure necessary for their own pursuits. It is sad to know that a man of such a genius for history should have been overwhelmed with a species of administration that a much less valuable could have overtaken. "Since I have been Bishop of London, I have been conscious of increasing mental deterioration. I have had no time to read a book; I have really not had time even to think. I say this because

TABLET TO THE MEMORY OF JANE AUSTEN IN COLLEGE STREET, WINCHESTER.

From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by W. T. Green, Winchester.*

I have spent so much of my time in saying that I cannot do things I am asked to do." And yet throughout this volume there are gems of wisdom embodied in the fittest language.

THE CORN OF HEAVEN. By Hugh Macmillan, LL.D., etc., etc. 6s. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

If any man has observed nature more carefully, or seen more profoundly into her secrets, none has found in her more wholesome instruction than Dr. Hugh Macmillan. The list and titles of his books in which he has turned to religious uses all natural objects suggest the inexhaustible wealth of the mine he works. And now that he is, unhappily, laid aside from using his voice, his pen is busy, picturesque, and suggestive as ever. The addresses in the present volume were delivered to the young people of his congregation, but they will please and instruct hearers of all ages. The title is, in accordance with the present custom, that of the first chapter, and is used because of its comprehensiveness. "The truths contained in such addresses are to the soul what corn is to the body—the corn of Heaven."

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. By H. C. Marillier. 42s. net. (Bell.)

Mr. Marillier has revised and abridged his original Life of Rossetti, and it comes to us now still a most beautiful book, still a full record of the artist-poet's life and work, and still a fine collection of Rossetti reproductions. What the volume has lost is mainly the supplementary chapter dealing with the drawings of the artist's childhood, the account of the

CONSULTING MR. PERRY THE APOTHECARY.

From a coloured illustration by C. E. Brock.

"Mr. Perry was an intelligent, gentlemanlike man, whose frequent visits were one of the comforts of Mr. Woodhouse's life, and, upon being applied to, he could not but acknowledge (though it seemed rather against the bias of inclination) that wedding-cake might certainly disagree with many—perhaps with most people, unless taken moderately. With such an opinion, in confirmation of his own, Mr. Woodhouse hoped to influence every visitor of the newly-married pair; but still, the cake was eaten, and there was no rest for his benevolent nerves till it was all gone."

(Reproduced from "Emma," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

house at Chelsea, and some passages which were of more importance and interest to students than to the general reader. Some of the illustrations we miss; they were from the first debarred from appearing in any but the original edition; but we have still over a hundred specimens of the man's wonderful powers, and the beautiful folio volume is

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

JANUARY, 1902.

a faithful, illuminating memorial of the strange genius of Rossetti, the influences which shaped it, and its gradual, distinguished development.

THE SAINTS IN CHRISTIAN ART. By Mrs. Arthur Bell. Illustrated. 14s. net. (Bell.)

In this beautiful book, bound in white linen, with simple, tasteful design of lilies and crown in red and gold, Mrs. Bell deals with a subject of great fascination. She has sifted, and searched, and judged—before coming to her work; but, as she presents it, finished, to the public, it is complete and well proportioned, telling in quiet, authoritative, lucid style all that is known of the lives of the evangelists, apostles, and other early saints, and all that has grown up of legend connected with them. To the student of religion, of life, or of art, the book will be a real storehouse of pleasures, knowledge, and suggestions; and the fifty reproductions of famous pictures help to make it one of the most attractive gift, or art, books of the season.

THE CARE OF BOOKS. By John Willis Clark, M.A., F.S.A. 18s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

The title by which this admirable volume will for brevity's sake always be known is by itself a little misleading. It requires the long sub-title to inform us that the book is not, as might have been supposed, a practical treatise on the care of one's own library, but an historical essay on the development of libraries and their fittings from the earliest times to the end of the eighteenth century. Whatever Assyrians, Babylonians, Greeks, Romans, Europeans of the middle ages, or moderns within the author's limit, did for the preservation and storage of books, the comfort and convenience of readers, copyists and illuminators, or the construction and decoration of libraries, is here set forth with a surprising opulence both of literary and pictorial detail. The illutrations are for the most part exceedingly curious and interesting, the letterpress is as entertaining as instructive, and the book as a whole is a most valuable contribution to the history of culture.

THE JANE AUSTEN MEMORIAL TABLET IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by W. T. Green, Winchester.*

MONUMENTAL BRASS BEARING AN INSCRIPTION TO JANE AUSTEN IN THE NORTH AISLE OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

On the 24th of July, 1817, Jane Austen was buried in Winchester Cathedral. She lies in the North Aisle, near to the old black marble font, and almost opposite to the beautiful chantry of William of Wykeham. The ledger stone bears the following inscription:—

"In memory of JANE AUSTEN, youngest daughter of the late Rev. George Austen, formerly Rector of Steventon, in this County. She departed this life on the 18th of July, aged 41, after a long illness supported with the patience and hope of a Christian. The benevolence of her heart, the sweetness of her temper, and the extraordinary endowments of her mind, obtained the regard of all who knew her, and the warmest love of her intimate connexions. Their grief is in proportion to their affection; they know their loss to be irreparable, but in their deepest affliction they are consoled by a firm, though humble hope, that her charity, devotion, faith, and purity, have rendered her soul acceptable in the sight of her Redeemer."

From a photograph by W. T. Green, Winchester.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see p. 145), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the

Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

The New Books of the Month.

NOVEMBER 15TH TO DECEMBER 15TH, 1901.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BALL, W. E., LL.D.—St. Paul and the Roman Law, 4/6 *T. & T. Clark*

Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges, The. The Book of Psalms. With Introduction and Notes by A. F. Kirkpatrick, D.D. 2/- net ..... *Camb. Univ. Press*
[Contains Books IV. and V., which deal with the Psalter from the ninetieth psalm to the end.]

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